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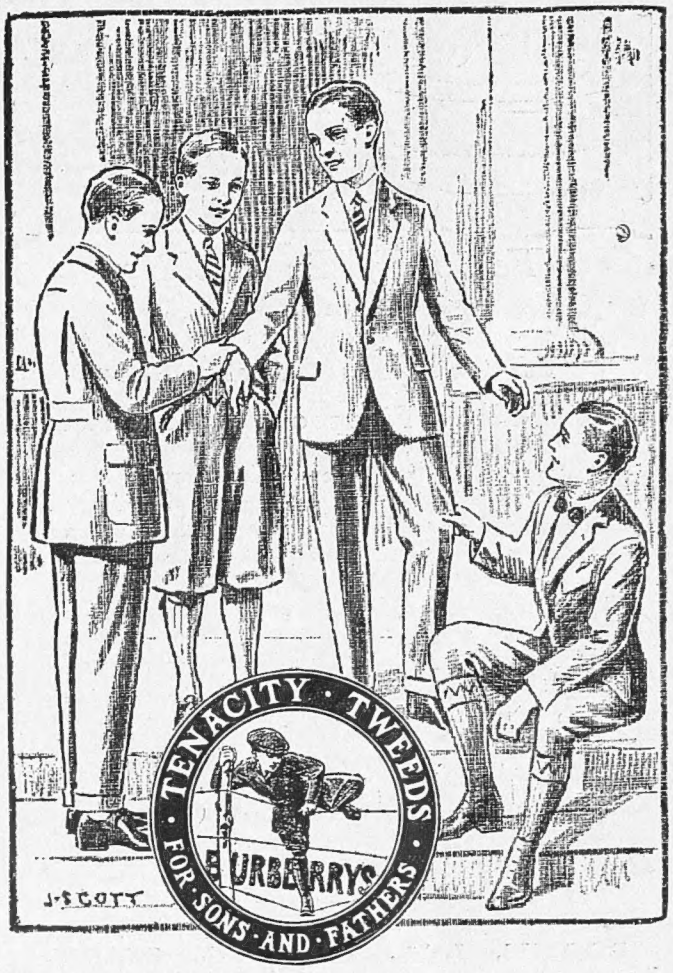

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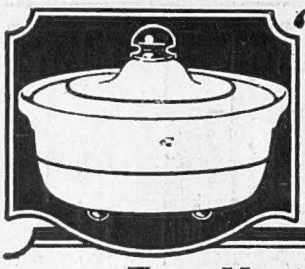

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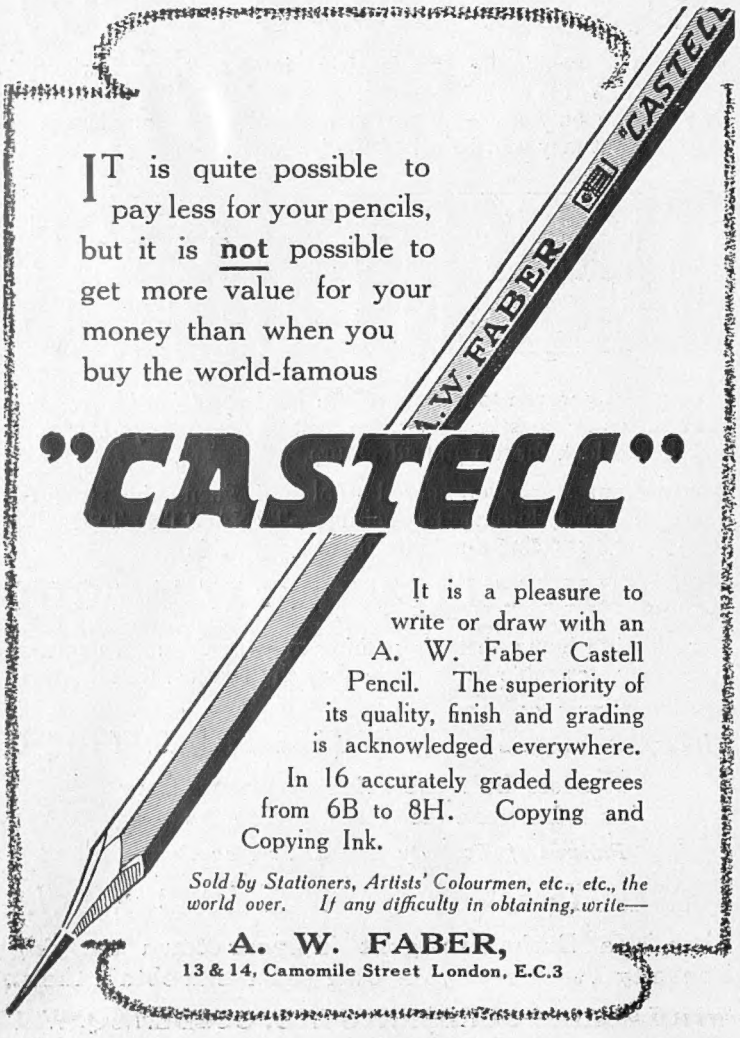

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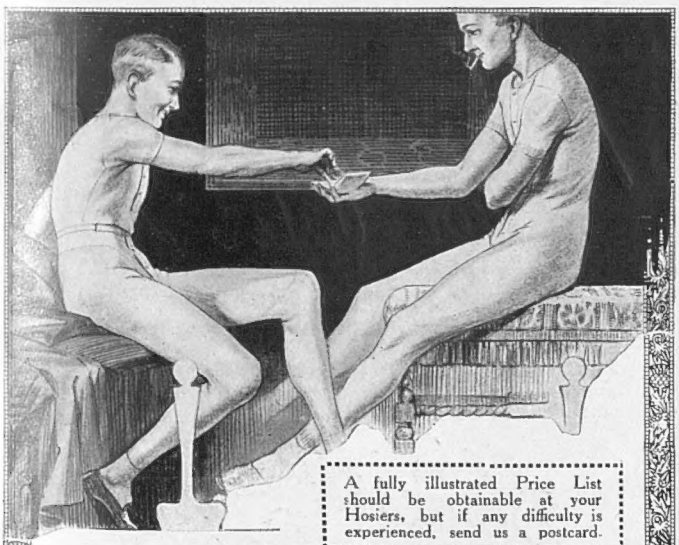

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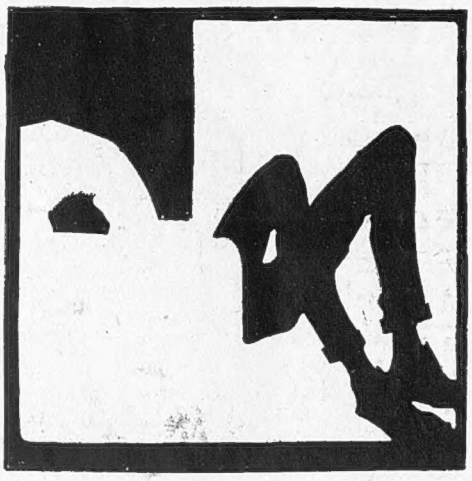

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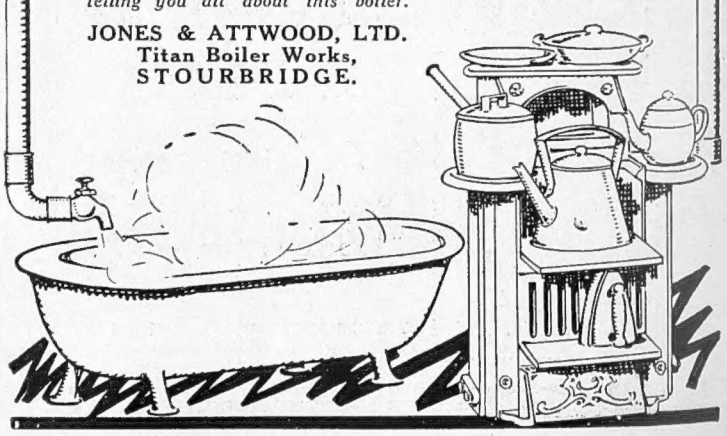

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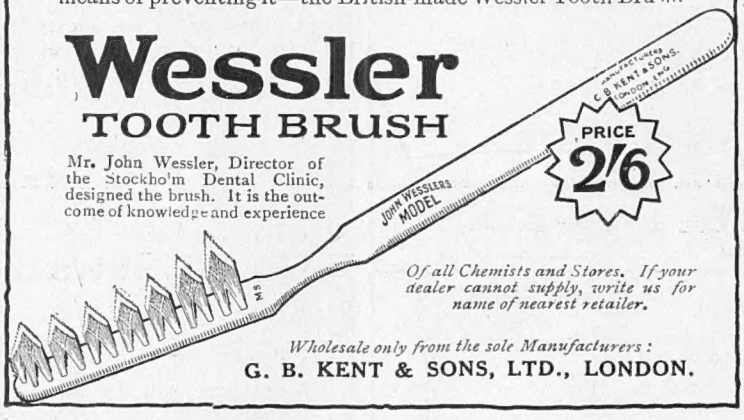

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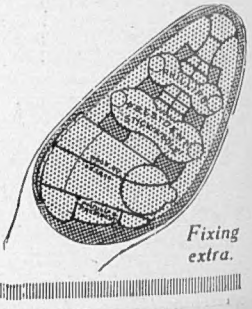

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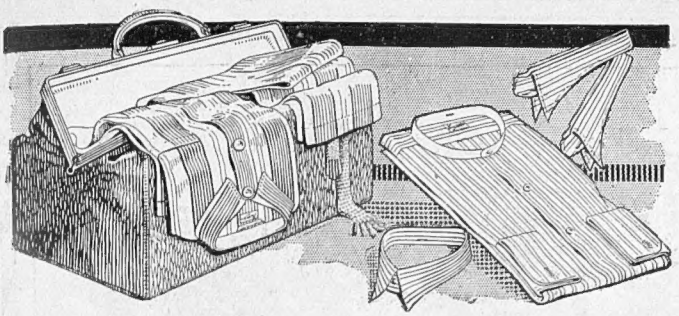

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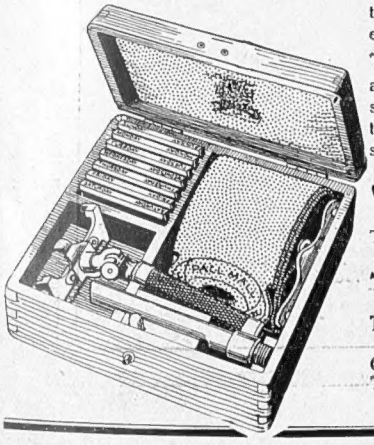

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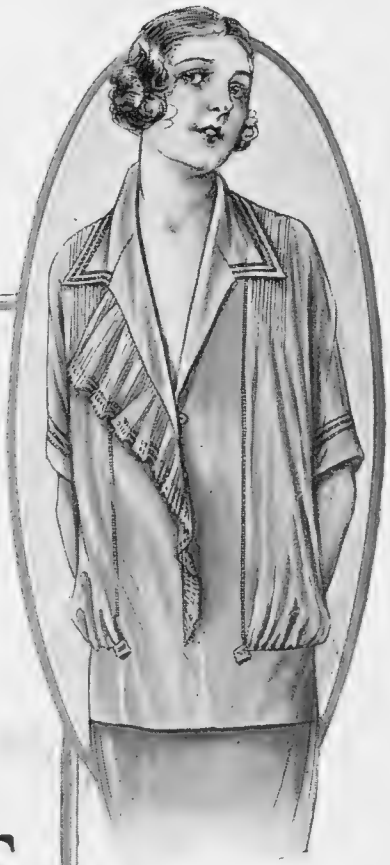

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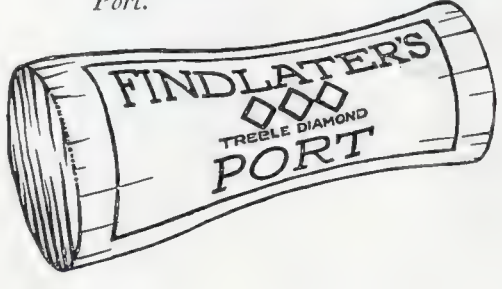

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The Bystander, October 22, 1924 — No. 1090. Vol. LXXXIV

The BYSTANDER

Photograph — *Malcolm Arbuthnot*

THE HON. ELSIE MACKAY

A pretty studio portrait of Lord and Lady Inchcape's second youngest daughter

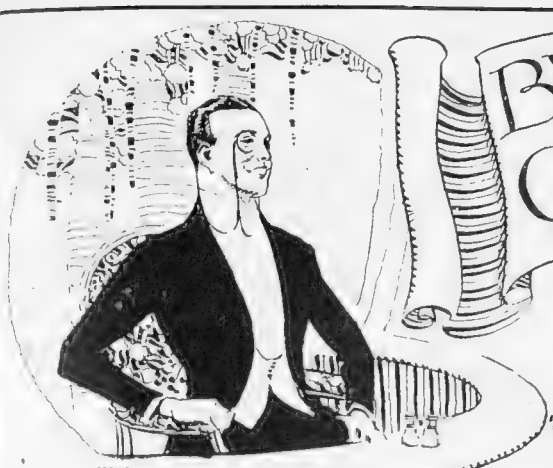
An Unemployment Problem Pending

BY E. T. REED

TWEENIE MAC. (*in hysteria*) : "Oh, Orficer, *never* 'ave I bin so *hinsulted* in hany 'ouse before ! The brutes ! ! They wanted to know the truth, the 'ole truth, and then they hinsulted me. It's a brutal hinquisishun, it is ! "

P. C. BRITAIN : "Well ? Didn't you *want* to tell them ? 'Cos if not, I advise you not to say too much to *me* about it"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

WE ARE TOLD THAT MR RAMSAY MACDONALD ROAMED ABOUT THE STAGE LIKE AN ANGRY LION

THE ONE AND ONLY GALLI-CURCI.

The New Orator

WILL the broadcasting of political speeches result in a new style of public oratory? The broadcasting of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was a comparative failure in certain districts because he failed to adapt himself to the new conditions. Instead of concentrating on the million of listeners-in, he gave himself up to the handful of supporters he saw before him, and thereby endangered a most magnificent advertisement. We are told that he roamed about the stage like a lion seeking its prey; that his voice rose and fell with the stress of his emotion; and that when he had a particular point to drive home he lapsed into the Doric. Have we really found a branch of human activity in which the Scot is not pre-eminent? I wonder.

Cynics and Singers

THE one and only Galli-Curci betrayed a keen sense of humour, when, after conceding endless encores, she sat at the piano and told her audience that there was "no place like home." This happy touch was equalled by a famous tenor who saw and heard a fat, over-fed person sleeping and snoring in the second row of the stalls. It wanted but a hurried whisper to his accompanist, and he was singing to the somnolent one: "Awake not yet from thy repose. . . . Angels guard thee, dear love, till Dawn"—or, I suppose for the duration of the concert. And cynics say that singers have no sense of humour!

The Porpoise and the Prawn

I SHALL certainly accept this invitation to visit my telephone exchange and see the wheels go round for myself. Not that I am interested in the wheels—far from it—but there are more than wheels to be seen at my telephone exchange. There is, for instance, the young lady who has always taken such a kindly interest in my welfare over a period of years. True, I don't know if she has a separate entity, or whether she is a sort of composite person who always seems the same to me. It reminds me of the story about the porpoise that fell in love with a prawn, but, because all the prawns were so much alike, never succeeded in kissing the same prawn twice. I take no credit for this story. It was told me by Harold Scott, of the Everyman Theatre.

I DON'T KNOW IF SHE HAS A SEPARATE ENTITY OR WHETHER SHE IS A SORT OF COMPOSITE PERSON —

A Hard World

AND how shall I know my telephone lady when I see her? Shall I arrange with her on the 'phone that she shall wear a red ribbon in her hair? Is she bobbed or shingled? I could ask her these things, I know, but I am not yet certain that my feelings are reciprocated. There are times when her voice seems to possess a more caressing inflection, but are these the occasions on which she has her afternoon off and some other girl is telling me that my number is engaged? In which event, I am probably in love with the wrong girl. 'Tis all very difficult, and, as the poet has said, this is indeed a hard world for orphans.

I AM PROBABLY IN LOVE WITH THE WRONG GIRL —

A Coaching Revival

A FEW weeks ago I spoke of the revival of the old coaching inn, but it now seems that we are also to have a revival of coaching days and coaching ways, for the famous old Berkeley stage coach has commenced to run from London to Brighton, returning on alternate days. It leaves Hatchett's Restaurant—formerly the White Horse Cellars, with which old-time coaching was largely associated—at 10 a.m., arriving at the Metropole, Brighton, at 5 p.m.

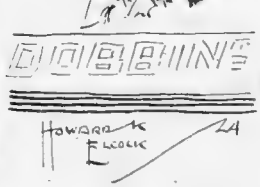
Jim Selby

THERE will be seven teams of typical coach-horses for the journey, changes being made at the same places *en route* as were

A BATHROOM IS INCLUDED IN THE NEW ADDITIONS MADE TO THE 'OLD VIC'

I FEAR VERY MUCH THAT THE MANUAL WORKERS WOULD NOT LISTEN IN A VERY RESPECTFUL MANNER —

THE SHOP WINDOWS ARE NOW OCCUPIED BY FETCHING YOUNG FEMALES —



THE "CAMPBELL" COMRADES ARE COMING! By Blam

used in the good old days when that celebrated and accomplished coachman, the late Jim Selby, won a great wager by driving his coach from London to Brighton and back in seven hours and fifty minutes, with not a horse one bit the worse for it.

How They Would Smile!

Going back a bit further than Jim Selby's day, how the old Corinthians would smile at the embargo placed on Sir John Milbanke by the Amateur Boxing Association because the sporting young baronet is supposed to have backed himself to knock out Mr. Raymond de Trafford inside ten minutes. Sir John has denied that he had any money on the encounter, but supposing he did—how those old Corinthians would smile! And what is the position of the amateur golfer who simply won't knock a ball round a course unless he stands to win or lose a hundred pounds? Does he prejudice his amateur status by so doing? I can only hope the A.B.A. have climbed down by the time these lines appear, and that Sir John is fighting his policeman according to plan.

Mlle. Marotte

The strange, unearthly wax-figures on which costumiers were wont to hang their model gowns seem to be definitely doomed. The shop windows are now occupied by fetching young females who catch the eye and compel the admiration of the pedestrian whose business or pleasure takes him into the West End. The most attractive models are known as Marottes, and they have a fascination that is all their own. Formerly, hats and gowns were exhibited on heads and figures that were intentionally designed to repel, the idea being that nothing must be allowed to draw the attention of possible purchasers from the hat or gown in question. Nowadays, we are learning wisdom—any hat would look well when worn by Mlle. Marotte.

Strange Bedfellows

As the political fight waxes more fast and more furious, all sorts of unexpected champions keep popping up in the arena, saying and doing quite unexpected things. There was the too candid friend on the *New Statesman* by whom Ramsay was rent into ribbons, and now Bart Kennedy comes along with the information that the Conservatives are not superior clay, and that their bright young men mustn't presume too much on "a spoon-fed University education." That, I suppose, is another way of saying, "Come off your perch," and I fancy the incorrigible Bart will be very perturbed when he finds himself in public agreement with the noble inventor of that effective phrase. Truly, politics has made strange bed-fellows in this particular case.:

The Stuff to Give 'Em?

In spite of his criticisms of the Central Office, Bart Kennedy is a good Conservative and loathes Communists with a loathing that is very lively indeed. But he is all for meeting them on their own ground and fighting them with their own weapons. The idea of sending young men to the 'Varsity so that they may lecture the manual worker on economics does not appeal to him. "I fear very much," he says, "that the manual workers would not listen in a very respectful manner to these young gentlemen. They would doubtless throw at them edible things that had advanced to an inedible stage. Economics .... seem to be the lofty outpourings of loose ideas born in the heads of egotistic gentlemen who had more water on the brain than usual." While many of my Bystanders will find this friendly criticism too candid for their taste, others may possibly agree that it is "the stuff to give 'em!"

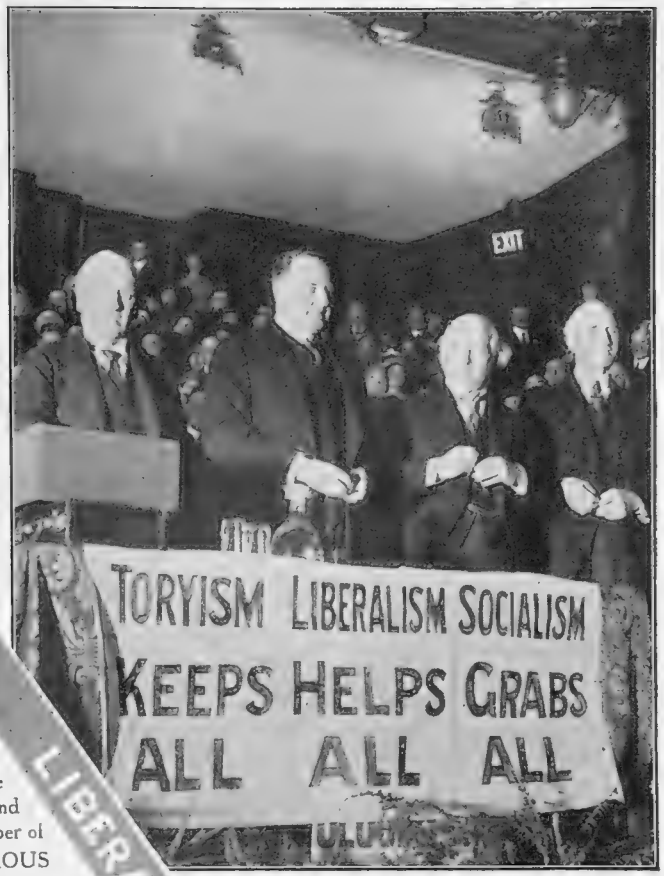
The New Vic

The entire theatrical profession from Woolwich to Wigan is thrilled by the news that a bath-room is included in the new additions made to the Old Vic. It is true that the *prima donna* at the Gaiety has a bath-room attached to her private suite, but the thing is sufficiently unusual to call for comment. I only mention it as an excuse to remind you that the Old Vic is about to re-open, and that it is a very different Old Vic to the dilapidated affair that we used to know. No longer will actors change on a corner of the stage, and await their call among the cobwebs. The acting has always reached a high level, but the work has been carried on under great difficulties, and I congratulate players and playgoers on the new order of things.

The Eternal Triangle

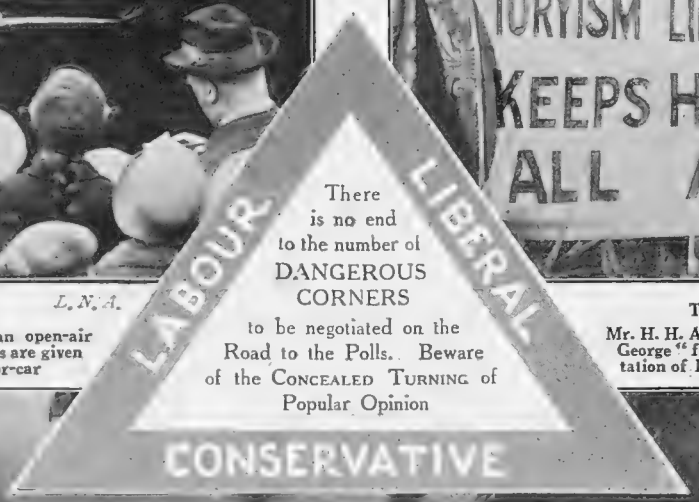
IN THE CAR(T) *L. N. A.*

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald addressing an open-air meeting on his northern tour. No prizes are given for guessing the make of this motor-car



THE MIDDLEMEN *G. P. U.*

Mr. H. H. Asquith, Lord Beauchamp and Mr. Lloyd George "featuring" a somewhat liberal interpretation of Liberalism at the Queen's Hall meeting



G. P. U.

THE PLATFORM THAT DID NOT GIVE WAY

The opening meeting of the Conservative election campaign at Queen's Hall. In the photograph are: Lord Linlithgow (Deputy Chairman of the Party Organisation) (left), Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Sir Frederick Hall (Chairman), Sir Douglas Hogg, Lady Hoare, Sir Kingsley Wood (at the back), Lord Finlay and Lord Lee of Fareham

Photograph *Bassano*

AFTER THE WEDDING

The Earl of Galloway and his bride, Miss Philippa Wendell, photographed with the best man, Captain McGregor Whitton, bridesmaids and trainbearers after their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week. The bridesmaids were—Miss Cynthia Fyers, Miss Sheelath Reade, Miss Eleanor Wendell, Lady Mary Amherst, the Hon. Kathleen Browne, Miss Marjory Glasgow, Miss Sally Francis, Miss Angela Pennyman, Miss Beryl Anson, and Miss Violet Grimston. The trainbearers were Lord Rhidian Crichton-Stuart and Master Michael Stewart

Ingram & Gordon

ROYALTY IN SCOTLAND

Some of the guests at the Retriever Trials recently held on the Marquis of Tweeddale's estate at Yester in East Lothian. The group shows: The Crown Princess of Denmark (seated), Mr. A. A. Robbins (left), The Crown Prince of Denmark, Mr. O. G. Jennings, Mrs. Robbins, The Marquis of Tweeddale, Mr. A. M. Prain, Mr. Hope and Mr. Jennings, junr.

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Court and the Election

WHATEVER the result of the Election there will be no wholesale changes in the Royal Household as was formerly the case when one Government went out and another came in. Until the advent of the Labour Party, fourteen offices in the Household were at the disposal of any political party victorious at the polls. The Prime Minister, naturally, gave these posts, after he had received the King's approval of the suggested names, to peers and commoners of his own political way of thinking.

You will remember Mr. Ramsay MacDonald found it impossible when he came into office to gather together a sufficient number of peers with leanings towards Labour for the posts of Lord Chamberlain, Lord Steward, Master of the Horse, Captain of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, and Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, not to speak of the six lords-in-waiting. Therefore, it was decided, on the understanding that their occupants should take no part in politics, that these posts should no longer have any political significance.

The result is that only two posts in the Royal Household—the Comptroller of the Household and the Paymaster of the Household—are now affected by a change of Government. These still remain political appointments. It is an excellent arrangement.

Topical

A PORTSMOUTH CEREMONY

The Duke of York inspecting the Guard of Honour during his recent visit to Portsmouth to unveil the Naval War memorial to the Portsmouth Port Division. The memorial, which stands on Southsea Common, bears the names of the 9,750 officers and men of the Division who gave their lives in the War.

Topical

OFF DUTY

The Prince of Wales chatting with some visitors on his ranch at Calgary, where he gave a picnic which was attended by over two thousand guests

Lady Elizabeth Dawson

THE news of Lady Elizabeth Dawson's death came as a great shock to the Queen and the Court. It was entirely unexpected. Whilst climbing a hill near Balmoral Lady Elizabeth slipped and fell, breaking her thigh. She was taken at once to a nursing home in Aberdeen. The break was so clean that splints were not necessary, and when the Queen left for the South—unattended by a lady-in-waiting, I understand, for the first time in her life—she had the doctors' assurance of Lady Elizabeth's rapid recovery. Then, suddenly, some complication set in, and the

unexpected end came through heart failure.

Her loss to the Queen is a heavy one. Although she became Woman of the Bedchamber to Her Majesty only four years ago—the year after her husband's death—Lady Elizabeth for many years had been one of the Queen's intimate friends. From her girlhood, Lady Elizabeth had been much about the Court. Her father, the late Earl of Clanwilliam, a breezy delightful Admiral of the old school, was a particular favourite of Queen Victoria. Her sister, Lady Katherine Meade, was lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Albany, and now serves the Duchess of York in the same capacity. Sir Douglas Dawson, the State Chamberlain, was a relative by marriage.

Lady Elizabeth's husband, the Hon. Edward Dawson, was in the Navy. If he had lived another year he would have succeeded his brother as Earl of Dartrey. The present Earl, Lady Elizabeth's brother-in-law, married the Baroness de Ros, a title she bears in her own right.

Alfieri

MAJOR WHITAKER AND MISS TYRWHITT-DRAKE

Topica

MISS MICKLETHWAITE (left), MISS B. TROYTE-BULLOCK, MISS GRUNDY, AND THE MISSES MACPHERSON

"E. V. B."

I SEE that the entire contents of Huntercombe Manor, near Taplow, are to be sold by auction at the end of this month. This generation, perhaps, never reads the charming books, full of grace and colour, by "E. V. B." *Days and Hours in a Garden*, and *Seven Gardens and a Palace*, for instance. They were the forerunners of the mass of garden literature we have to-day.

"E. V. B." was the Hon. Mrs. Richard Boyle, a great-aunt by marriage of the present Earl of Cork. She loved gardens at a time when nobody took much interest in them, and after she and her husband settled at Huntercombe she made a garden there which was the wonder of the time, and actually has served as the basis for much of our modern garden planning. She would be nearly a hundred if she were alive. She was over ninety when she died during the War, but kept her passionate interest in gardening to the end.

A relative of her husband was that Lady Cork famous in her day as a kleptomaniac. There was no doubt about it being a malady, because once she had "pinched" anything she forgot all about it. It was just the mania. After she had been out to luncheon or dinner her maid went through her pockets—ladies had capacious pockets in those days—and the silver salt-cellars, spoons, forks, etc., that were invariably found were returned to their owners.

The passion for acquisition pursued the poor lady in shops as well as in the houses of her friends. Once she was seen walking down Bond Street with the tail of a fish sticking out of her pocket. Nothing was ever said. The

Sport and General

TAKEN AT THEIR FACE VALUE

A camera collection of competitors in the Ladies' Golf Foursomes, which were played at Ranelagh last week

OVER THE STICKS IN SOMERSET

Some of those who watched the Wincanton Steeplechases at Hatherleigh

Sport and General

LADY CURTIS, MISS CURTIS AND MRS. MAURICE KINGSCOTE

Central Press

CAPTAIN W. P. BROWNE (Master of the Portman), MRS. BROWNE, CAPTAIN ASTON, MRS. NIXON AND MAJOR NIXON (Secretary of the South and West Wilts)

trade-people knew her failing, and kept a close watch whenever she went into their shops. Whatever she annexed was put down to Lord Cork's account. It used to be said that she even "pinched" forks and spoons from the table at her own dinner-parties.

Anatole France

I ONLY met Anatole France once, when I was taken by a friend to see him at the Villa Said. The impression I took away was one of exquisite politeness and unbounded cynicism. In talking of current events in France he had a tongue like a rapier. He confessed he knew nothing about England. I think he had the general French belief that hypocrisy is our national vice.

My friend, in view of this visit, had copied from some English book he was reading two passages which he thought would please the great French writer. He translated them into French. Anatole France chuckled with delight, and insisted on copying them into a glorified sort of exercise book lying on his writing table. Here are the two passages in their original English :—

"When I see a spoilt child I long that Herod of Jewry's reign had been indefinitely prolonged."

"Reflections at a *table d'hôte*. How few people are worth the pain and trouble it took to bring them into the world. Which is the ugliest sight, that German eating gravy out of his plate with a knife, or the lady who has just been using her hairpin as a toothpick ?"

Cumberland Lodge

AFTER standing empty since the death of Princess Christian, Cumberland Lodge in Windsor Great Park has been lent by the King to Lord and Lady FitzAlan whose house, Derwent Hall, near Sheffield, will soon be at the bottom of a deep reservoir. Cumberland Lodge always used to be the abode of the Ranger of Windsor Park. It took its name from the Duke of Cumberland, the son of George II, who won the unpleasant title of "The Butcher" after the Battle of Culloden. Before his time it was known as "the Lodge," and had been inhabited for nearly forty years by that redoubtable person Sarah Jennings, wife of the great Duke of Marlborough, who was the Duke of Cumberland's predecessor as Ranger.

A good deal of history is attached to Cumberland Lodge. The great Duke of Marlborough died there, and it was the birthplace of an heir to the Throne, Queen Alexandra's eldest son, the Duke of Clarence, having come into the world rather unexpectedly after his mother had been skating on Virginia Water. Likewise all its occupants for the past hundred and seventy-eight years have been Royal folk.

Extreme Measures

I DO not remember the head of any Royal house being forced by circumstances to deprive a member

Sport and General

LORD AND LADY WESTMORLAND

of his family of the privileges of birth because of that member's "bad conduct." In old days members of Imperial and Royal houses were put on a sort of black list if they married ladies of non-Royal birth without the consent of the head of the family. But it was a private and family matter. No public announcement was made.

The King of Spain, however, has been obliged to deprive his cousin, Prince Louis Ferdinand of Bourbon-Orléans, of all his rights as an Infante of Spain. This follows upon the Prince's

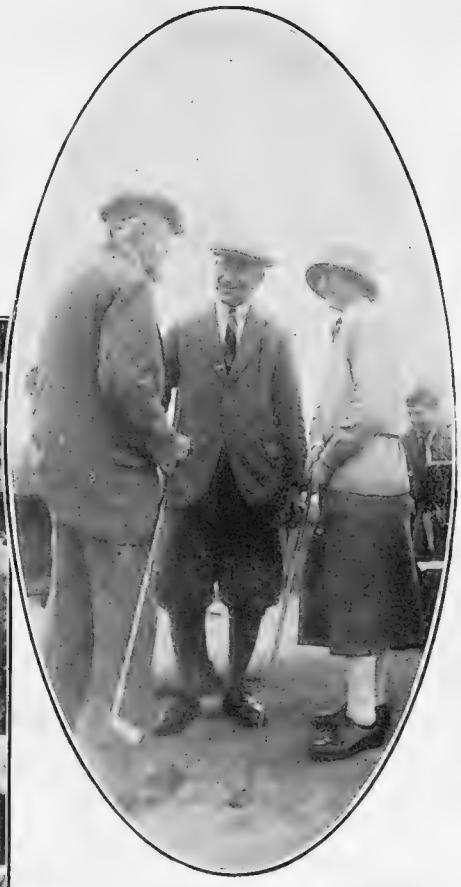
G. P. U.

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS"

A "close-up" of Madame Galli-Curci, as just a few of the thousands in the Albert Hall saw her, at her last concert. She is returning to London in December

expulsion from France. After so drastic a decision of the French authorities the King of Spain, obviously, had to take action one way or the other. A Royal decree, published in the Madrid *Gazette*, deprives Prince Louis Ferdinand of his privileges "on account of bad conduct."

Prince Louis Ferdinand is the second son of the Infanta Eulalia, the King of Spain's aunt, and the Duke of Galliera, who was Infante of Spain. A few years ago there was a clash between aunt and nephew. The Infanta Eulalia wished to publish her memoirs. This was forbidden by her nephew-King. Like her mother, the famous Queen Isabella, who lived for many years after her exile from Spain at the Palais de Castile in the Bois de Boulogne, the Infanta Eulalia makes her home in Paris.



Balmain

NORTH BERWICK BRIGHTNESS

A little chat on the links at North Berwick between Lord Darnley (left), Mr. Leslie Melville, and Miss Phyllis Read. Mr. Melville is an ex-amateur champion

Balmain

CLOCKING-IN FOR THE DAY'S WORK

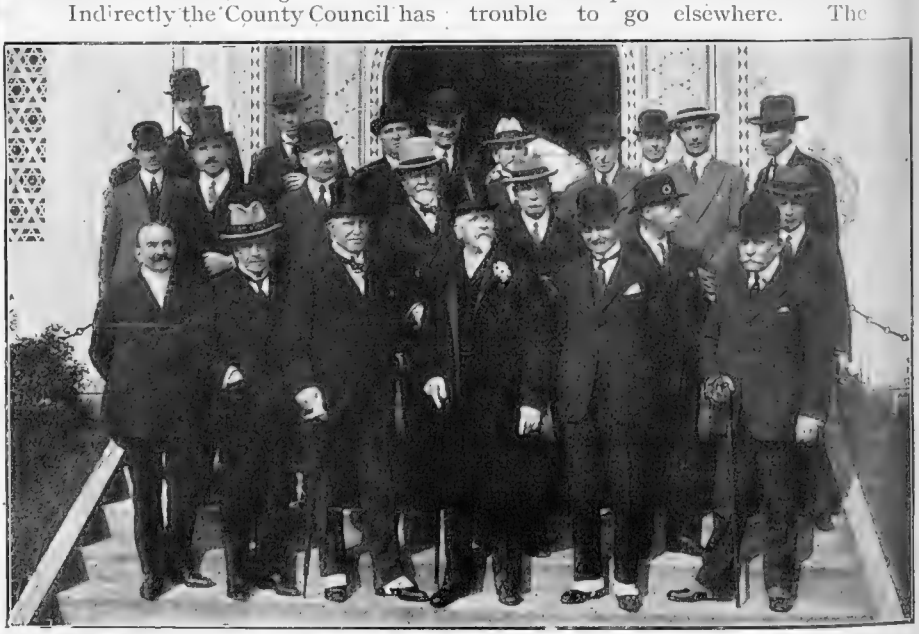
Lady Hambro with her nieces, the Misses Pim, at the seat of authority on the course at North Berwick. The business of booking your turn i nothing to the work which starts at the first te

Cabarets and Common-Sense

THE London County Council has arrived at many decisions during its existence, some wise, others that have been beyond understanding. But they have never made a wiser decision than that which now permits cabarets, hotels, and restaurants where they dance, to remain open until two o'clock in the morning.

Indirectly the County Council has been responsible for the rapid growth of the questionable night club. You can't send people home to bed at eleven o'clock by a bye law. So, if you shut up all the restaurants and hotels an hour before midnight naturally folks go on somewhere else if they can find places to go to. Hence the springing up of all sorts of underground *boîte* that have done a vast amount of harm.

It stands to reason that when a young man can dance where he sups he won't take the trouble to go elsewhere. The



A STUDY IN OILS

Directors of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company and the associated Société Générale des Huiles de Pétrole photographed at Wembley. In the front row are: Mons. F. Gorchs-Chacou (left), Vice-Admiral Ronarch, Sir Charles Greenway, Sir Basil Zaharoff, Mons. P. Houët, and Mons. Carrier

powers that be seem to have realised this fact, and after a trial run of the two o'clock rule—originally made for the sake of visitors to Wembley—they have seen the wisdom of giving London the chance of wholesome gaiety until the small hours of the morning.

Members of public bodies like the Council, certain prominent clerics, and those individuals whose mission in life appears to be a general stage management of other people, do not grasp the fact that dancing has become as national a pastime as cricket or football. Everybody dances, young and old. At any of the restaurants or cabarets you will see as many bald and grey heads one-stepping and fox-trotting as you will see young ones.

I know there will be many mothers of young men in London who will rejoice over this two o'clock rule. There is a lot of sinister history behind the *louche* night clubs, history of a different kind from that which creeps into the papers from time to time when these places are raided, history, too, that has brought about family tragedies.

The New Prima Donna

FRANKLY, I was disappointed in Galli-Curci. The voice is beautiful, but it leaves one cold, and, oddly enough, it is more impressive on the gramophone than when one actually hears the singer. No other *prima donna* has ever made such a reputation by gramophone. I know people who came down from Scotland and up from Cornwall especially to hear her because of the joy she had given them from the disc and needle.

How It Is Done

HELD up by a torrential downpour whilst motoring the other day, I took refuge in an hotel in a small country town. And there I made a discovery. It was that dancers on the stage do not learn their steps with their feet. They learn them with their fingers. Marooned like myself was a small band of players. From their conversation I gathered they were "doing" a Pierrot tour. They were discussing a new programme with new dances for one of the men and one of the girls, and also for two of the other girls.

One of the company, apparently the director, took the man and the girl to the end of a long table. Sitting down, he cleared a space and did the movements of the dance with his fingers, tapping on the mahogany, just as if he were playing a piano. The man and girl imitated the movements with their fingers, the instructor calling out corrections from time to time.

"I think you've got it," he said. "Just try it in that corner." They went into the corner and began to dance. Then he called up two of the girls, repeating the process with his fingers on the table, only, I noticed, the movements were quite different. The second couple were despatched into another corner, and the instructor went off to supervise the steps of the first couple. They needed a good deal of direction, but never once did the coach use his feet. Every step, turn, and twist was shown by his fingers.

G. P. U.

DEFYING SUPERSTITION

Viscount Ridley and his bride, Miss Ursula Lutyens, after their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride, who is the second daughter of Sir Edwin Lutyens, defied superstition, for not only was she married on the thirteenth, but she had thirteen attendants wearing green

Topical

A GUARDS WEDDING

Lieut.-Col. M. E. M. Crichton-Maitland, D.S.O. and his bride, Miss Patience Fuller, leaving the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, after their marriage last week. The bride is a step-daughter of Colonel Forestier-Walker

From Our Portrait Gallery

Hay Wrightson

LADY STRATHSPEY

Who, with her husband, Lord Strathspey, has returned from a twelve months' visit to New Zealand, their homeland. Lady Strathspey is the daughter of the late Thomas M. Hardy-Johnston, Esq., M.I.C.E., of Christchurch. Lord Strathspey was born at Oamaru

My Election Campaign.

By Basil Macdonald Hastings

Illustrated by ALFRED LEETE

On the occasion of the last election, if Bystander readers remember, my Election Address appeared exclusively in this journal. Opportunities, let it be agreed, were given to "The Piano-Tuners' Clarion," "The Licensed Pawnbrokers' Gazette," and the "Cowkeepers' Chronicle," but they failed to take advantage of them. Consequently The Bystander, and The Bystander alone, was the medium through which my views and promises were presented to a palpitating electorate.

This year, needless to say, I have had many offers, one for the film rights. Yet another comes from a firm whose notepaper is headed "Let Us Call For Your Waste Products." Some mistake, surely. I am hourly expecting a communication from "2 L.O.," and, as a well-merited rebuff to certain organs of the Press which I despise, the more poetic passages may be set to music for street organs.

Yes, I stand for the same constituency, "*Daydream Ferry and Chawbacon Magna.*" There have been some changes since I was last in their midst. All five of the tins of near-salmon which used to repose in the grocer's window have been sold, and there are five more artificial wreaths in the graveyard. Then Mr. Applesnoop's cow has given birth to a calf, which, thanks to an absurd blunder of the local Liberal agent, has got on to the voting register, so disturbing the balance of parties in the outlying, as distinct from the in-lying and common or garden lying, districts of the constituency.

One of the white billiard balls at the Institute has been lost, so that, in order to score a cannon, it is necessary to strike the object red first, and then make your own ball ricochet in the direction of the white patch where George, the marker, spilt his cider in 1881, curiously enough on his eighty-third birthday. The white patch, you see, takes the place of the missing white ball, and being immobile lends variety and strangeness to the disport.

My first question, when I had disembarked from the train, and lent a hand to the station-master to give her a good push-off again, was, "How about the eggs?"

He replied, "Very bad year for fresh's, but there be a most remarkable stock of them there waterglass ones left over from t' last election." I put on a mackintosh.

"How are people taking things generally?" I ventured to enquire.

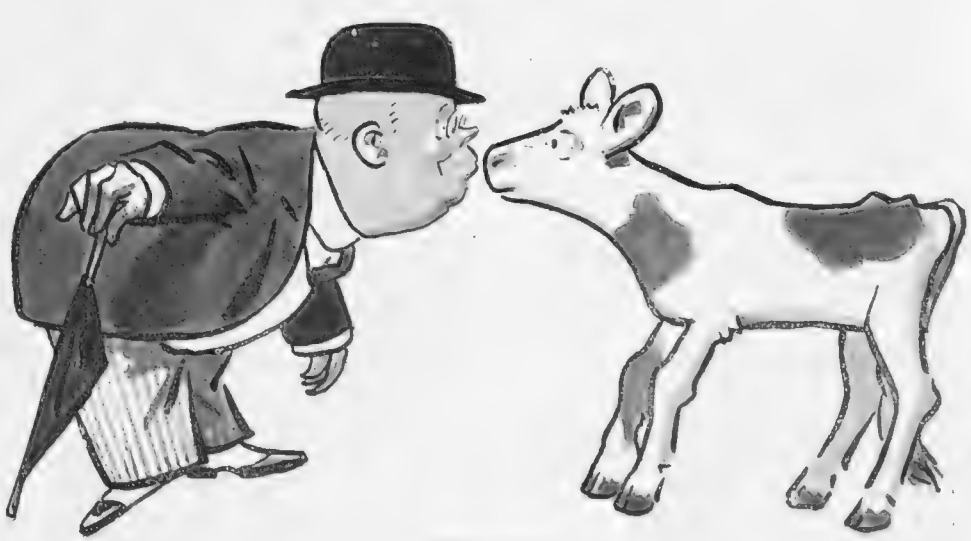
"Out of pots and glasses," says he, cunning-like. But here I had him, for during the period of the election, I, as a candidate, am forbidden by law to stand anyone whatsoever a drink. As to the law on the subject of whether you can stand me one, I know nothing and I do not propose to enquire.

There they were, the same old crowd of wildly enthusiastic supporters, all waiting for me on the village green. I shook hands with the cow and kissed the calf, and someone pinned a rosette on me. At least they all said so, but I couldn't see it. By the way, THE COLOURS are the usual MUSTARD WITH PEPPER SPOTS. You may not have voted in my constituency, but if you see a car flying by decorated with these colours, think of me and the principles I stand for.

We are, by the way, in need of money. The local organisation is not what it was, and, when Amos Slitchicken started his fish-and-chip emporium a number of the rich landowners left the district. A collection for the Cause at the annual bowls tournament at Battlecock-Minor-Cum-Shuttledore-Hotspur resulted in the paltry total of a penny halfpenny, hardly enough, as you might say, to give a meal to an Agent.

So, if you are inclined to help, give in cash if possible. If you are prepared to canvass, you will not be spurned; if you are willing to sweep out committee-rooms, you will not be insulted; if you will intercept eggs, broken glass and decayed vegetables at public meetings, you will be rewarded with a kind word; but if you bring cash, either in boxes, bags or sacks, you may be photographed alongside the candidate.

I have hesitated long about making this public appeal. "Isn't it," asked I. of my Committee, "isn't it *infra*



"Kissed the calf"

dig ? " The chairman, a humorist, said he once had one like that, but the wheel came off. I pleaded with them. I reasoned with them. I said it was against my principles to accept money from utter strangers. They replied that strangers were not utter, could not utter and had never been arrested for uttering. To this I could find no ready reply, and the motion was carried. Hence it is that I am now asking you for all the money you have got. My Committee wish me to emphasize that no donation will be accepted which is in excess of the amount of money which the donor actually possesses.

But you have been waiting all this time for my election address. Here it is :

TO THE HUMAN, ANIMAL AND INDEPENDENT ELECTORS OF DAYDREAM FERRY AND CHAWBACON MAGNA.

Ladies, Gentlemen and Calf,

General Election, 1924.

The above should never have happened. It is not my fault. A gentleman under suspicion refused to allow an enquiry into his conduct. Like any defaulting cashier, he bolted. Hence we have to choose a new cashier.

On the subject of General Elections generally, I shall, if elected, bring in a bill for the Abolition of General Elections, Generally.

J. R. Campbell

I do not mind admitting that, although half a Macdonald, and the Macdonald-Campbell feud is notorious, I should like to slap this young man on the back. Ramsay MacDonald spurns him, but he fought for his country while Ramsay was fighting against it. Then it is entirely due to his courage in telling the truth about the *Worker's Weekly* prosecution that the Socialist bullying of the Attorney-General was discovered. A Macdonald will drink wi' a Campbell yet !

Russia and the Soviets

While every kindness should be shown to loyal Russians, every citizen of that country of corpses known to have any relation with or sympathy for Soviet government should be prohibited from landing on these shores. The penalty for disregard of this law should be death, and any Briton found guilty of knowingly hob-nobbing with a blood-stained disciple of Lenin the Loathsome should be handed over to a judicial committee consisting of the wives and sweethearts of unemployed ex-soldiers. Reports of proceedings not necessarily called for.

Beer

This should be free.

Germany

This should be in fetters. The whole of the country, without the exception of a solitary acre, should be occupied by British, French, Italian and Belgian troops. Every ounce of ground, every jewel, every picture, every statue, every object of art should be put up to public auction, at which Germans would have equal rights as buyers with others. All proceeds of sales to be devoted to the payment of reparations. If any sum still owing, after ransacking of country, a sufficient number of Germans to agree to work for food only and *without wage* till German industries have paid off the balance. Any German trying to borrow money to be treated as we treat our own undischarged bankrupts when they commit the same offence.

FASHIONS FOR POLITICAL CANDIDATES

Dear Sir,—We have again this year
Smart fashions for election wear :
Our " Slogan " suits of chestnut-brown
Wear well in country or in town.
Our cardigans in warp and woof
Are absolutely heckler proof ;
We're also showing " Pledges " ties
Of changing colour, shape and size.
We recommend the " Pachyderm "
Waistcoats invented by our firm,
And have in stock a varied store—
For clients who have " crossed the floor "
And are engaged in catching votes—
Of strong REVERSIBLE *greatcoats !*

Leslie M. Oyler

Biscuits

Manufacturers of this commodity to be nationalised.

League of Nations

I am strongly in favour of the transfer of this comic circus from Geneva to Drury Lane Theatre, which has so long lacked an entertainment capable of filling it to capacity. It should be arranged that the delegates appoint a fresh sub-committee to report on each new war at each performance. To those who think that the supply of wars may run short, I retort that as long as we have a League of Nations, the supply of wars can never fall short.

Unemployment

I would hand over the £40,000,000 intended for Germany and the £30,000,000, which the Socialists say we can afford to give to the blood-stained Bolshies, to British municipalities and manufacturers of repute, and bid them exploit the capital for the national benefit. This would mean the end of Unemployment in six months. All M.P.'s, save those holding government posts, to be regarded as Unemployed, and given the usual dole granted to genuine labourers, instead of £400 a year.

Building

I would solve this problem in one day by passing an Act compelling bricklayers to lay bricks at an honest, instead of a Trade Union, rate.

Agriculture

All patient oxen who refused to combine with the Conservatives to be put at once in the plough.

Education

I would take the Socialist Party round the Empire in a troopship.

God Save the King, the British Navy, the Ladies, bless 'em, the hop crop, high farming, good tobacco, the Embassy Club, The Bystander, a clear field, no favour and Let the Dog See the Rabbit !

(May I add in this place that my questioning of the Prime Minister on the last day of Parliament has been boycotted by the newspapers. When the Lossie Loon announced that the General Election would take place on October 29 I put on my hat, rose and said :

" Is it possible that the L.L., beg pardon, P.M., is unaware that October 29 is the date of the Cambridgeshire ? "

P.M. : " What on earth is the Cambridgeshire ? "

" The second half of the back-end double, you gowk," retorted I, tersely.

The Speaker then interfered.

" You must not call the Prime Minister a gowk," he observed. " You are out of order."

But I was not out of order. I am always in order. B. M. H.

Le Dernier "Cri" in Rugger

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

Our artist's impression of the "All Blacks" who have come from far New Zealand to treat us to the latest fashions in war cries, Terpsichorean revels and—incidentally—a little rugger

Chef d'Œuvres

OUR Special Commissioner is now enabled to present a list of starters for the Electioneering Stakes. As so many outsiders are running we defer our selections till later.

PROBABLE RUNNERS

RAMSAY MACDONALD, by Request out of Office.
MR. SNOWDEN, by Failure out of Next Please.
MR. CLYNES, by Leader out of Never Was.
MR. SIDNEY WEBB, by Nanny out of Getting His Goat.
SIR PATRICK HASTINGS, by Unsavoury out of In The Soup.
MR. WHEATLEY, by Building out of Castles In the Air.
MR. BALDWIN, by Union out of Won By Waiting.
MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, by Loyalty out of Too Much.
LORD BIRKENHEAD, by Galloper out of Effie.
MR. CHURCHILL, by Forward out of Called Back.
LORD HUGH CECIL, by Logic out of All Reason.
LORD CURZON, by Superior out of Purrs On.
*MR. ASQUITH, by Bewildered out of Sorts.
MR. LLOYD GEORGE by Jove out of Condition.
SIR JOHN SIMON, by Simple out of Not So.
LORD HALDANE, by Everlasting out of Gab.

*Trained at home

. . . . .

SUGGESTED slogan for the Socialists: "The Campbells are coming."

. . . . .

HOLDING such a Parliamentary poker hand as they do, the Unionists seem determined not to stand Pat.

A COMMUNIST barber recently declared that he had never had a shampoo. Probably a vacuum cleaner would do all that is necessary.

. . . . .

THE new dance from Chile, the Huppa Huppa, is at present solely confined to the Supper classes.

. . . . .

It fills the ardent golfer's soul
With utter melancholy;
Of all our cups they're taken toll;
And now they've taken Tolley!

. . . . .

A WRITER on æsthetics objects to our swear-words on the ground that they are ugly. But did not a character in *The Mikado* declare that "there is beauty in the bellow of the *blast*"?

. . . . .

WITH the present style of evening dresses in vogue, it is easy to tell whether our girls have any visible means of support.

. . . . .

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD complains that his political opponents have been uniformly unfair to him:

What was it that the ancient sages said?
Look not upon the whine when it is Red!

"CAN you tell me," asked the distracted motorist of his pal, "where I can park my wife?"

. . . . .

A WILTSHIRE confectioner was recently fined for selling bread of an inferior quality to that advertised. It has since transpired that the vendor himself was only half-baked.

. . . . .

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

I own that politics do not amuse
My sluggish soul; in fact I take no pride
In listening to Party-coloured views
Of any side.

They bore me stiff. Last evening, all the same,
There was a meeting in the open-air,
To which I strayed because a dear old dame
Was in the Chair!

She looked too frail and feeble to be out,
One who should be knitting safe at home.
"How will she fare," I mused, "when whirled about
In this maelstrom?"

Suddenly yelled a youth who wore a curl
Athwart his forehead like a wisp of tow,
"Wouldn't you like to be a man, old girl?
Crikey! Wot O!"

The dame uprose with dignity and eyed
The heckler with a gimlet glance or two;
Then sweetly, suavely, seriously replied,
"Well, wouldn't YOU?"

There was a pause: His pal said, "Come on, Reg."
Exit the heckler through a gap in hedge!

HARTLEY CARRICK

A LIBERAL ESTIMATE

By ALFRED LEETE

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"Probably into oblivion, sir," she said

BY ALFRED TAYLOR

LESS-ON TIME

PEGGY: "I don't know why you punish me and not Jack. He's done twice as much less work than me"

BY EDWIN MORROW

EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY

A pushing black-and-white artist extends the duties of models to the telling of his jokes in editorial offices

Produced September 15, 1924

By "JINGLE." *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

ON the occasion of my visit to this theatre, the dear ladies were positively falling over each other in the scramble for seats; while the busy manager was regretfully sweeping good money off the doorstep by the broomful. Judging by the crowds that were being turned away he could have filled his house twice over that evening. The sensation this play has caused will be understood when it is realised that it is a revised version of the old story of Potiphar's wife with a very modern Joseph who is less impeccable than his predecessor. A valiant attempt has been made by the author to lift a commonplace incident into the realms of poetry by making the heroine (if that kind of lady can be properly called a heroine) merely the fairy Morgan le Fay, who inspires passionate love only to dissipate it like a mirage at her caprice. Love proves, in short, to be a mere illusion, and I always said—but do not let us have words about it.

AT the opening of the play George is living at home on his father's farm on the Puszta, a Hungarian plain where the mirages come from. His extreme youth and ignorance of worldly ways are purposely accentuated in order to heighten the effect of his lapse. He is absorbed for the moment in his studies, designing to qualify for one of the learned professions; but he is being treated as a naughty child because he has spent two days away from home without permission, and refuses to ask his father's pardon for what he has done. George's explanation as to how he has spent the two days is readily accepted because, like his famous namesake from the U.S.A., he has never told a lie. But as he will not apologise for his truancy, he is ordered to stay at home alone while the rest of the family depart for the annual ball which is being held some miles away. George's mother is a careful housekeeper who locks the doors of all the rooms except the parlour and George's bedroom, and takes the keys with her. This is a very important detail to be noted, because, incidentally, it furnishes the sight of means to do ill-deeds, and so on.

THE family have been gone some time when Mrs. Mathilde Fay, George's cousin, comes rushing towards the house in mortal fear of the baying of the watch-dogs. We had previously heard of Mathilde from a garrulous old lady member of the family. She is given, it appears, to displaying herself a good deal in boxes at theatres, wearing frocks that are, as you might say, a revelation in themselves. She is a little surprised to hear from George that all the family are out and will not be home till late on the following day, that he is alone in the house, and the nearest neighbour is some ten miles away. And, of course, the last train home has gone. George receives his cousin respectfully, offering her light refreshments and a glass or so of wine, and watches her with child-like admiration while she pecks at a piece of home-made cake.

MATHILDE says at first she will not have any wine because it makes her giddy. Then she changes her mind and has a glass, apparently for that reason. And then another of the same. And since it is an axiom that a cause must produce its effect, she begins to take George's hand in hers and to stroke his head, and then

the two kiss each other a good deal, and after that we are prepared for the worst. George, who has not had much opportunity in his brief eighteen years of understanding women, is obviously affected by her endearments, and vows he is in love with her. Indeed, in the unnatural excitement of the moment he protests that he would willingly die for her, and even offers at her bidding to blow out his brains there and then, from which it may be concluded that he has got it pretty badly.

THE next stage in the proceedings is marked by the arrival of Mathilde's luggage from the station. She is thus

enabled to get out of her travelling dress; and while George remains in the parlour wondering about this new influence that has come into his life, Mathilde goes into his bedroom and effects a quick change. When she reappears she is wearing a dinky peignoir obviously arranged for scenic effect, and equally obviously accompanied by very little in the way of under-garments. She hopes George admires her pretty peignoir, and George not only admires, but shows that he is absolutely dazzled. Mathilde then takes to kissing George again, after which she lolls on the sofa in the manner of one inviting a caress, while we have a full-length view of a silk stocking with the decorative addendum of what I understand is called a suspender. In respect of such technical details, however, I speak under correction.

MATHILDE then makes a pretence of arranging where she shall pass the night. She says that George must occupy his own bed, and she will sleep on the sofa. With a final effort of self-control, George breaks away from her embrace and rushes to his room. Mathilde, however, clearly did not expect to be taken so literally, and as George has proved so dismally unresponsive to her hints, she follows him into his room and locks the door behind them. Then the curtain falls, and the ladies become temporarily absorbed in their programmes as if they expcted to find there some explanation of what is, to say the least, distinctly unconventional behaviour.

GEORGE has never been in love, and it seems to him that after what has happened he is not only in love but must necessarily marry Mathilde, although she is ten years his senior. Many years ago there was a play at the Criterion Theatre about a young man and a young woman who set out to climb a mountain together. About half-way up the mountain the young woman unfortunately missed her foothold, and rolled down the mountain with what they used to call in the War a certain liveliness. When the young man went to pick her up she protested that in the light of his newly acquired knowledge it was his bounden duty to marry her. George evidently reasons on the same lines, only rather more so. Mathilde is not averse from the prospect of a life in the open country after the artificial gaiety of the town, and she tells George that she will try and get her husband to arrange for the necessary divorce.

BUT when the husband comes upon the scene it appears that he has brought with him a purse bulging over with crowns; he tells his wife that the money is for her so that she can buy new frocks, and visit Deauville for the season. As she is taking the purse with a cry of joy, she meets George's reproachful glance and then hesitates; but not for long. George thereupon breaks out. He cries aloud that Mathilde no longer cares for her husband, and that she wants a divorce. Even the presence of the boy's father and mother cannot stem the torrent of his words. His deadly sincerity prompts him to blurt out all but the most damaging truth, until Mathilde is invited to expound the young man's ravings. She denies that she has ever authorised him to say such things, and goes off the stage in a convenient fit of hysterics. A little later, in an interview with George, she jestingly reminds him to the effect that Jove laughs, they say, at lovers' vows, and that promises made under the stress of great emotion are not to be taken seriously.

FURTHERMORE Mathilde appeals to the young man who has never told a lie, to begin a precarious enterprise of the kind right away, and deny all the charges he has made; and of his love for her George does so. The feature of the acting is Mr. Tom Douglas's representation of the part of George. Beginning on an entirely unemotional note, he works his way gradually up to the shrill treble of hysteria with convincing art. Mlle. Jeanne de Casalis plays the part of Mathilde with commendable delicacy, as far as that quality is admissible in the piece. A number of interesting character studies supply the humour of the play which, now that it has got safely past the Censor, ought to coin money for its enterprising, not to say valiant, producers. JINGLE

YOGO HAMA AND THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE

"If punting persons should strike"

MOST DEAR HON. SIR—

MANY of your innumerous theological and other nonsophisticate readers will no doubtfully experience surprise when inform that in not so many days we shall have the Cambridgeshire at Newmarket for which equine gee shall win a cup at odds to 1, or bar 1.

"Kindly, Mr. Y. Hama, to decant more non-technically your informations. We cannot all constrain to be so great sporting persons as yourself, or command so adequately the gift of turf languages?" you repart?

Perhapsly that are so, Hon. Sir, so I haste speedishly to inform these ignoramus persons that the Cambridgeshire are an equine speed combat between aforesaidly and *v* Oxfordshire, these 2 so great learning emporiums. This are a very exclusive hunt and only B, M or other scholastic A's are permit to attend, which they do in their hoods, robes and other learned garments. It are a very sweetish thought to think that 1-ce a year these so eminent ecclesiasticals emerge from their tomes to place their odds in Latin, Greece or other withered tongues on these scholastic equines. Indeedly, some of these abovely mentioned reverends are so buried in classics and other deep pieties, they scarcely recognise to know a horse when they see him, which makes to show what very good and pure lives they live.

"Do these learned dons obtain from Hon. Booking-gents lucrative odds to 1, because of their so sweetish simplicities, Mr. Y. Hama?" you seek to require.

Alasly, this are not so. The Hon. Booking-gents, I have discover, are carnal persons who do not seek greatly to cultivate non-worldly virtues, but chiefly to win our cashes. This are very saddish and glump thought, because we all should seek to love other persons as ourselves, which we cannot do if they seek to devour our wherewith alls. Alreadily myself I have suffered to lose 17/- and 6d., which has considerably embittered my milk of human kindness. This makes me to feel very curdled instead of happy and gay and loving to mankind.

"We want brighter racing"

Should it not be a goodish idea if punting persons should strike? Myself, I do not think we obtain from Hon. Booking-gents adequate odds to 1, but very the reverse, suchly as even money or not so much. This are very non-lucrative spec and does not produce biggish profits even on good prognostics. O yes, let us coagulate to demand better odds to 1, and threaten we shall lead theological lives and make purchase with our money good works, instead of to place it at 2 or other profitless odds to 1 on a non-running gee. This should make Hon. Booking-gents very non-happy, so they shall speedishly produce us better prices for fear we should continue to follow only virtuous and chaste pursuits.

"Come, Mr. Y. Hama, we do not want any Bolshic propagandings. Kindly adhere to your muttons and inform re the Cambridgeshire, with good tippings, if any," you beseek.

O yes, I think to myself I shall smell a mouse, and now he has popped from the bag. Did I not already tell you to keep 1 eye screwed on a tin-fish gee? Yes, forsoothly and he has made several romps home at remunerative odds to 1. But did you produce me some thanks? Not by extremely longish shots, so now I shall achieve not any more good prognostics, but become very neutral and cold.

"Hasten to our itinerant uncles"

Racing, I confess you, Hon. Sir, is growing to become dullish and bore, as for instants:—We go to a meet, we stand in a deluge for numerous and non-profitable hours, only to witness 7 or 9 equine quadrapeds emerge through the mud. In 5 minutes or not so many, it are all over, and we set out to trudge for home. How much better it should be, I bemuse, if Hon. jockies made to perform gymnastic and other entertaining displays while galloping for the post. Should it not be delicious

(Continued on page 262)

At the Hereford Hunt Steeplechases

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE HON. MRS. BEVAN (left), MR. CHARLES OLIVER AND MISS BEVAN

Photograph *Alfieri*

MRS. T. A. SUTTON AND SIR JOHN GREY

Photographs *Alfieri*

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT DEVEREUX LADY MOIRA COMBE AND CAPTAIN TATTERSALL MISS BAKER AND MRS. HUNTRISS

The Hereford Hunt Steeplechases held recently at Hereford were as well attended as ever. Above are seen some of those who "also walked"—round the course

to observe Hon. Sir Steve Donoghue jumping through the hoop while progressing at enormous speeds, or to witness Hon. Sir Carslake riding on his head in the saddle or other bright features, or else to dress in comedy garments and fall off the horses for mirthish jokes? O yes, I ejacule, we want brighter racing and I hope, Hon. Sir, you shall propagand this patent idea.

"Clad in fashion garments"

"This are all so well, Mr. Y. Hama, and shows you to be a great genius person like Hon. Sir Barnum and Baily. But kindly to decant further Cambridgeshire informations," you depop.

Ha, ha, you seek to acquire a red-herring across my tail, but I know the scent and shall not follow him. Insteadly I shall intimidate you with more Bolshic ideas and other revolutionaries as follows vizly. How splendid blessing it should be if Hon. Pawnbroking persons should establish their spouts on the course, so we could place our watches and other notes-of-hand up them to receive 5s. in lieu with less 2d. on the ticket! Consider to yourself the innumerous non-luck punsters who would rejoice to place in the pops their outer garments, instead of to pad the hoofs for 10's of miles because of loosing their alls on a weary gee which could not run for toffy, nuts or other equine delicacies. Indeedly yes, for we could then hasten to our itinerant uncles to acquire modest but very convenient spoutings.

My excitements have suffer considerable elations by learning to hear that Hon. Cox's Bank are to be knocked down to auction for sale. Perhapsly for only a few £'s, I shall enable to make purchase this bank with 1,000's of soiled but otherwisely good 10, 5 and 1£ notes, also 10/- same. As, for instants, "Lot 54. A parcel of 500 £5 notes, warranted genuine but slightly soiled. Shall we make start the bid at 5£?" O yes, this are very delicious perspective so, clad in fashion garments,

"When I become a banker"

I shall make all speeds to acquire for, perhapsly, a smallish song or other ditty, this so gilt-edged investments.

When I become a banker it shall make you very jealous for envy, ha ha! But I shall not be so non-generous to gloat on your dudgeons, but produce you a goodish spec as vizly. Suppose you lend me some cashes at 2½ or other modest per cents, then I make you a sleeping partner, and you shall not need to wake up any more, but only peacefully rest. Then 1-ce per ¼ I shall emerge you goodish dividends and other financial perks, so you shall become a magnate and very esteemed. Kindly to consider very assiduously this so uniqueish offer.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, to receive from you these good investing cashes, and to trust you have very respectful healths to date, I remain,

Yogo Hama

Photograph L. N. A.

TWO WAYS OF THE WORLD

The Old Berkeley stage coach passing a less picturesque vehicle at Hyde Park Corner, on its way to Brighton. The coaching season has thus suitably opened with this old reminder of Corinthian days, when a wise generation realised that "it was better to travel pleasantly than to arrive"

Leading from Dummy

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

One of our most popular hostesses conducting a full-dress rehearsal of her first at-home of the season

? ? WHAT DOES THIS

Here is a little problem picture that we hope will intrigue you as much as it does us. CAN YOU SUPPLY A TITLE? in your entries that *brevity is the soul of wit.* All entries should be written on the SPECIAL COUPON printed on the including our issue dated November 26th. All entries

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

CONVEY TO YOU ? ?

The Editor of the BYSTANDER is offering a prize of TEN GUINEAS for the best title sent in. Remember when sending
side of the back cover of this issue. Other coupons will appear in succeeding numbers of the BYSTANDER up to and
must reach us on or before Monday, ***December 1st***

The Belle On Her Toes

Photograph *Nickolas Muray*

Lillibel Ibsen—plus a little raiment—as she appears as "Anitra" in the New York production of "Peer Gynt" at the Shubert Theatre

PARISIANA. By "René"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

JUST a little buzz in the domain of politics, which furnishes an adequate, if astonishing, explanation for quite a sequence of things. It is always eminently satisfactory to have explanations for things, *n'est-ce pas? Eh bien*, it had been only too assertively obvious for quite a while that M. Poincaré had a bee in his bonnet about the Germans. He had emphasised it almost every Sunday afternoon, pleasant or unpleasant, without making any too clear why he should not take his *répos hebdomadaire* like everyone else. But nobody had suspected in the least that the bee in the bonnet of M. Poincaré was a real bee from across the Rhine. There is so little reality in politics that nobody would have thought of that. But now M. Poincaré has revealed it himself, and the revelation is accompanied by a wealth of information about bees which does not merely illumine the immediate topic, but shows why M. Poincaré has no cause to use honeyed words about the Germans.

M. POINCARÉ (he disclosed) keeps bees himself, not only in his spare time, but all the time. But his home is near the frontier, and most of the bees in that uncomfortable region were the victims of the German bombardments, along with many other things equally inoffensive. When the great idea of Reparations for all was dangled before a trustful and unsuspecting world, it was decided to include reparations for bees which had been driven from hive, and the German beekeepers—with about as much eagerness as the Berlin banknote-keepers—undertook to fill the gaps.

THEY did, to a certain extent, but the reparation bees, like most of the other reparations, were very much of a *trompe-l'œil*. Instead of being "workers" who would busy themselves to make up for the lost ones, they were mostly drones and bully-drones at that; for not only did they do nothing themselves, but they interfered with the native bees, and merely added to the embarrassments of the owners. They would not become acclimatised in Lorraine, and they tried to introduce Pomeranian manners by stinging those who were prepared to be kind to them. No wonder M. Poincaré was sore. I feel rather more sympathy for M. Poincaré after this confession. It was a common belief that he had no vices and no weaknesses, but he does seem to have loved his bees.

"Unable to feel high-spirited after crossing the Channel"

THE Northern Railway Company of France has invented a new sensation for high-spirited travellers. I would particularly wish to emphasise that "high-spirited," for those few Bystanders who are unable to feel high-spirited after crossing the Channel would do better to avoid the Calais route and take the more decorous one viâ Boulogne. You see, Calais is considerably farther away from Paris, and in order to reduce the handicap the Calais trains are allowed to travel faster than is good for the digestion, or for the security of the crockery. I think some of the drivers must have spent their holidays on the super-switchback at Wembley, studying the best methods of getting on "bias" at curves. The evening boat train in from Calais is now said to be the fastest train in the world, which is very romantic to read about, but which does not make you feel a bit enthusiastic when you are playing catch-as-catch-can with your dinner.

"Hold tight to your bottles"

I WAS making the journey the other night, and the

soup had no sooner been served in the usual heavy cups than there was a shout from the *maître d'hôtel*, and, with a terrific crash, cups and plates were swept off the tables. We were then able to realise that the cry was, "Hold tight to your bottles." the *maître d'hôtel* having memorised the whereabouts of the curves in order to sound a warning. Fortunately the wine had not yet been served, so the only casualties were among the company's crockery. Five minutes after, there was another yell from the anxious *maître* as the flyer jumped across another curve, and everyone in the restaurant car could be seen clutching desperately at the neck of a bottle to prevent it from skimming off the table.

THIS occurred half a dozen times, and, while it certainly prevents the ride from being dull, it soon ceases to be enjoyable. Personally, I like to drink my Beaune, not to be drenched by it, and though most people like to accomplish a railway journey in the shortest possible time, I think they would prefer an extra quarter of an hour, with a meal in security. When on seven successive occasions you have tried to spike a haricot bean and your fork has embedded itself every time in the *petit pain* of the scared fat *bourgeois* opposite, it ceases to be exhilarating. You are afraid the fork may finish ultimately in the profiteer's paunch. I think the Company would be well advised to moderate the rolling raptures of this train.

"The charming waiting beauty"

"Intends to eat when it pleases him"

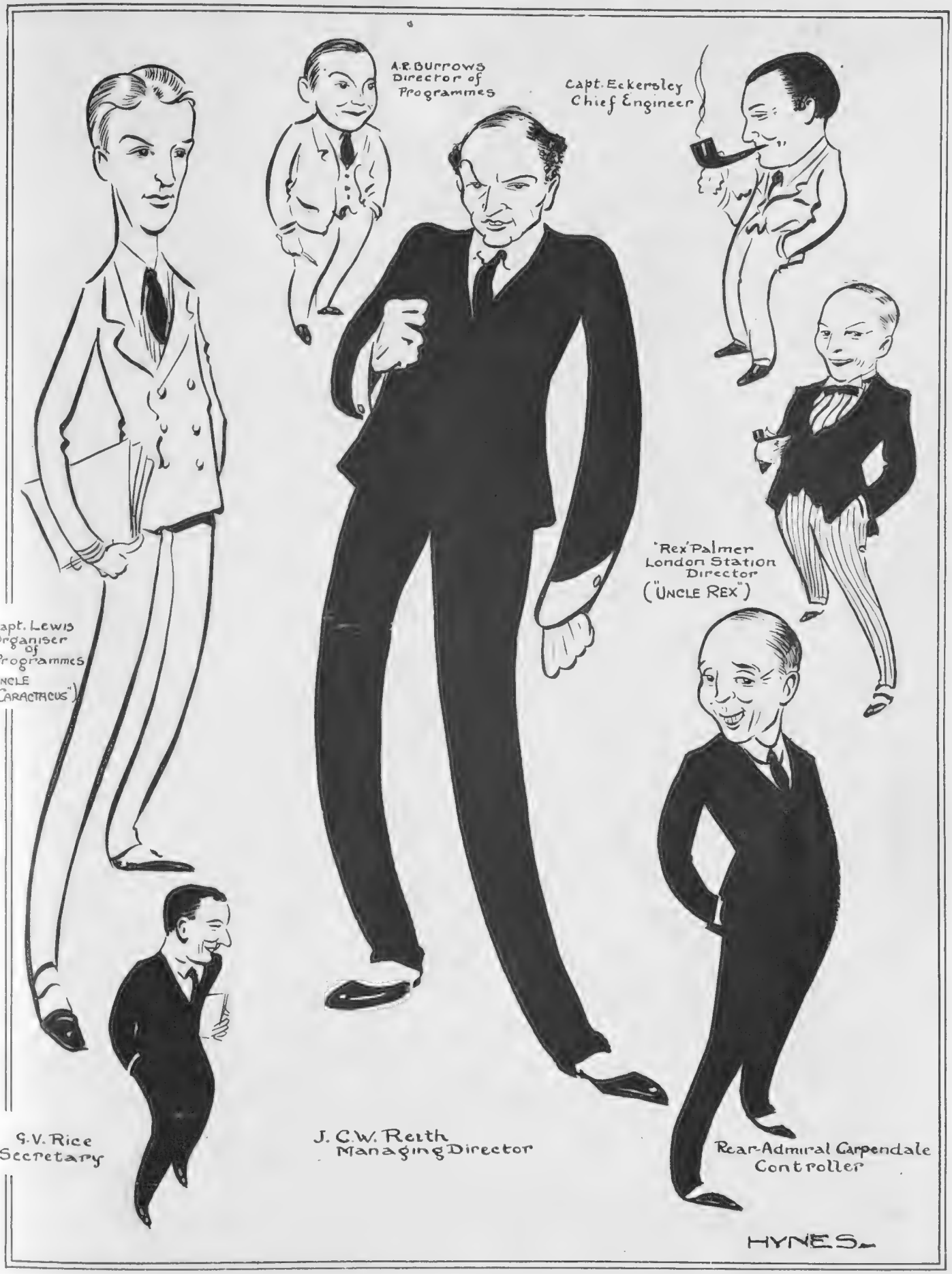
AT last, a Paris playwright has realised that a comedy can be made more *risqué* by implication than by crude realism, that there are advantages to be obtained by leaving something to the imagination. The result is that *Ca*, the new play at the Capucines, should be more successfully adapted for the London stage than some recent French productions, like *A Royal Visitor*. Some of the conversation would have to go, of course, but the main situations might be kept. It is always a case of something being expected to happen and it never does. All—and more—than the necessary complications are provided between uncomprehending husbands, erring and wond-erring wives, and a lyrical but timid poet; but the adroit author, M. Claude Geval, pulls the string just at the moment that you are preparing to be shocked. The production has established the reputation of the hitherto little-known Marguerite Pierry as one of the most brilliant comediennes of France.

THE Capucines, along with that other hat-box theatre round the corner, the Potinière, stages the sauciest plays among the boulevard theatres. *Ca* looks like being more successful than the latest Potinière production, *Un Chien qui rapporte*, for the latter, despite a clever idea and the presence of the idolised Maud Loty, has a tendency to drag. The burden of the adventure has to be borne by a very skilfully trained dog which, at command, pretends to get lost and directly afterwards jumps into the first available Rolls-Royce, provided it is occupied by a *monsieur seul*. Naturally the lonely man, after reading the address on the collar, takes the dog there and makes the acquaintance of the charming, waiting beauty, who is looking for a husband whom she can keep long enough to pay her debts. And as the authors have had the peculiar idea of presenting their story as "a modern fairy tale," they feel under the necessity of introducing a happy ending.

SEVERAL of the theatres which wanted music from the all-conquering Maurice Yvain this winter have had to be content with substitutes, for Yvain has retired to Antibes and will not leave the Riviera to come to Paris to collaborate with anyone. Yvain is allowing himself the licence of genius. It seems that he goes to the piano immediately he gets up and sits there for hours, playing and composing. No servant dare disturb him to tell him a meal is waiting, or it would cost him his job. Whenever he engages a new servant he announces that he intends to eat when it pleases him, whether or not that involves serving breakfast at five in the afternoon or dinner at three in the morning.

RENÉ

Some Big Noises at 2 L.O.



BY HYNES

A few prominent officials of the British Broadcasting Company, amplified by our artist

The Vogue for Divorce

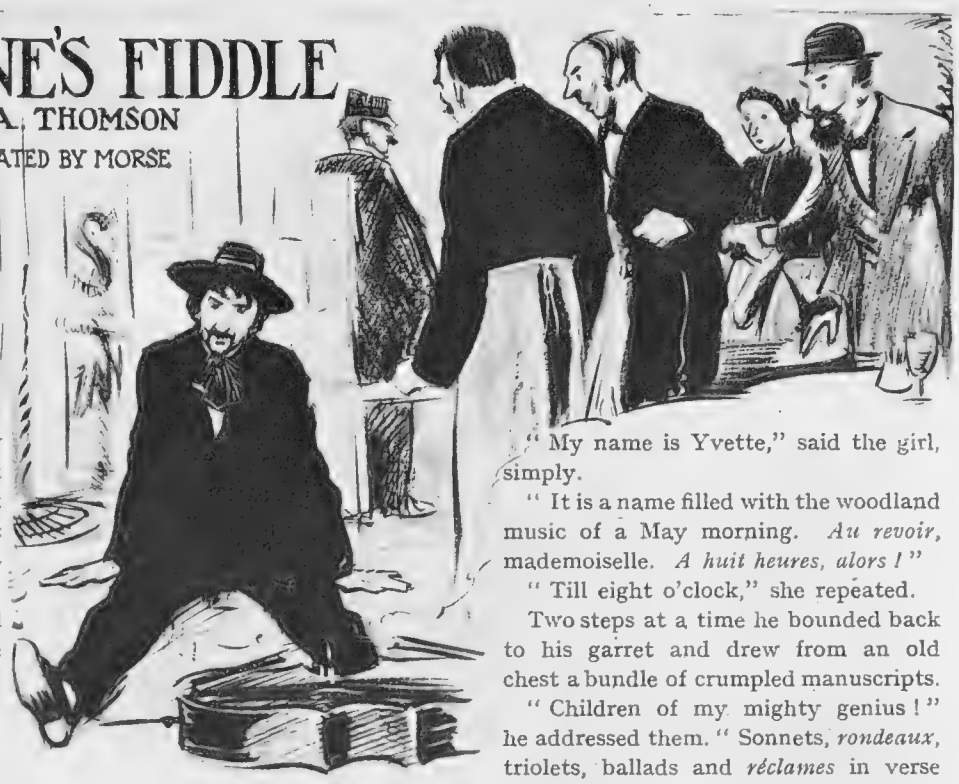
BY WILMOT LUNT

EILEEN: "How do you like your new daddie?"
GILBERT: "Oh, he's very nice"
EILEEN: "Yes, isn't he! *We* had him last year"

FORTUNE'S FIDDLE

BY A. A. THOMSON

ILLUSTRATED BY MORSE



'Hurled him forth, like shot rubbish, on to the pavement"

THE sobs from the room below pierced through to the heart of Gaston Labrioche, as he sat over the eleventh canto of his epic poem. Gaston's was a warm heart—the only warm thing in that garret. The hand that held the stub of pencil was blue with cold. The stove had gone out for lack of fuel. Outside in the steep Montmartre street a steady snowfall was muffling the cobblestones. And from below came intermittently the sound of a woman's voice, weeping bitterly.

"I must go," said the poet to his manuscript. "A woman's tears are the stuff that poesy is made of." Pushing his pencil behind his ear, he ran down the rickety stair and knocked at the door below.

"Enter," responded a cheerful voice. On the threshold, the poet stood spellbound. What he saw was the exquisite oval of a girl's face, pale and sad, but altogether lovely.

"Mademoiselle," he said, with a flourish of his shabby hat, "dry those eyes. Though your tears were as bright as jewels—and they are—you should not shed them."

The girl raised her head.

"Perhaps," ventured Gaston, "some ruffian has offended you. Tell me his name and I would cut out his heart, even though I were only armed with a fountain pen."

"No, monsieur, it is not that," said the girl.

"I am at your service," cried the poet, gallantly. "Bid me to bring you the Grand Cham's beard or the head of the President of the Academy on a charger, and I will do it. Why do you weep, mademoiselle?"

For answer the girl pointed to the table on which lay the incredibly battered remains of an ancient violin.

"Evidently," murmured Gaston, "it had met with something hard, that one."

"But yes," replied the girl. "The head of our landlord."

"The hardest thing in Paris," agreed Gaston, warmly, "except his heart. Let us hope that the head was as damaged as the violin. But why weep for landlords' broken heads?"

"I do not," said the girl. "My father is Armand Noyon. He is a great violinist, but, since artists must live, he plays the violin each night in the Café Pomponnard. To-day our landlord, the insolent, called for his rent——"

"The scoundrel!" breathed Gaston, sympathetically.

"It was not convenient to pay. The man was insulting. My father is very passionate——"

"We are all that, *nous autres artistes*."

"He struck him violently on the head with his violin."

"Brava!" cried Gaston. "A gallant blow! *Vive la liberté!*"

"Are you, too, mad?" inquired the girl, reproachfully. "With that broken violin goes our Christmas dinner; nay, our livelihood. If my father has not procured another violin by eight o'clock to-night, he will be dismissed from the orchestra. At this moment he is out in the quarter, seeking to borrow another. I feel sure he will fail. We have no money. We shall starve. That is why I weep, monsieur."

"Have no fear," cried Gaston, grandiloquently. "I will undertake this affair."

"You will lend my father money?"

"Alas, no. Like himself, I am an artist in a sordid world, hemmed in by dastardly editors with the souls of pigs and the intellects of codfish. But, though I have no money, my talents and my immortal genius are at your disposal. I swear to you on the honour of a Labrioche that I will bring you a violin by eight o'clock to-night. Your name, mademoiselle, if I might ask?"

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"My name is Yvette," said the girl, simply.

"It is a name filled with the woodland music of a May morning. *Au revoir*, mademoiselle. *A huit heures, alors!*"

"Till eight o'clock," she repeated.

Two steps at a time he bounded back to his garret and drew from an old chest a bundle of crumpled manuscripts.

"Children of my mighty genius!" he addressed them. "Sonnets, *rondeaux*, triolets, ballads and *réclames* in verse for hairwash! Come forth once more upon your travels. To-day we must find you a home."

To recount the sorrows and rebuffs of Gaston's weary pilgrimage would make bitter reading. The hearts of editors were as granite rocks. The souls of advertising men, those Bismarcks of blood and iron, were as hard as wrought steel.

"Remove your person and your pestiferous effusions," said these inhuman monsters to a man, "to the nethermost depths of Tophet. *And* close the door after you."

Utterly weary and cast down, Gaston trudged along the slushy pavement of the Rue des Crevettes. It was past seven o'clock. Darkness had long since fallen, and gas-jets sputtered from behind the blurred windows of dingy shops.

Suddenly Gaston's heart leapt within him at the sight of a decrepit sign:

ISADORE BERCOWICZ
Musical Instruments for Sale.

With a flourish Gaston flung back the creaking shop door, to behold a frowsy individual with a nobly proportioned nose, who stood behind the counter amid a perfect grove of tarnished brass wind instruments.

"I desire a violin," announced Gaston.

"As it happens," returned the proprietor, "I have one; one only, but it is of the most excellent. Five hundred francs, and dirt cheap."

"I do not propose to pay you in sordid gold," said the poet. "In exchange for your fiddle, which I have no doubt is of execrable quality, I offer something beyond price—eleven sonnets, a serial murder mystery, a history of the Second Empire, an ode in praise

of motor tyres, and my Ballade of Love and Death."

"Get out of my shop!" exclaimed Isadore, angrily. "You are an imbecile."

In reply Gaston seized from the shelf the largest trombone in sight, placed it to his lips, and blew an ear-splitting fanfare.

"Bla . . . a!"

"Madman!" shouted Isadore. "Do you want to have me turned out of my shop? I will call for the police."

"'My hero!' she cried"

"Call for your *sergent de ville*," said Gaston amiably. "I wish to purchase an instrument. *Eh bien*, I test him. What law can prevent me? . . . Bla . . . a!"

Another nerve-wracking torrent of sound shattered the peace of the Rue des Crevettes.

"Scoundrel! Assassin!" screamed Isadore, thrusting grimy fingers into his ears. "I have delicate nerves. You will kill me."

"I desire a fiddle," said Gaston, patiently, "for which I will pay with a galaxy of masterpieces worth (posthumously, at least) millions of francs. Until you give me your fiddle, I shall continue to amuse myself with this so beautiful instrument."

"Murderer!"

"Bla . . . a! Bla . . .a!"

"Cut-throat! Maniac!!"

"Bla . . a! Bla . . a! Bla . . a!"

The sound was merciless, inexorable, like the last trump of an angry Gabriel.

"Mercy!" begged the Jew. "You shall have the fiddle."

Disappearing behind a dirty curtain into the bowels of the back-shop, he returned, clutching a massive object, which in the dim light looked like some sarcophagus.

"*Saperlipopette!*" gasped Gaston. "*Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?*"

"It is a double bass fiddle—the largest in Paris," said the Jew. "Take it and leave me in peace."

"But I have demanded a fiddle, not the emperor's coffin."

"It is the only fiddle I possess. Take it and go."

Even as he spoke a distant church clock chimed.

"Eight hours less a quarter!" cried Gaston. "Give me the fiddle."

Clasping the monster to his bosom, he staggered out into the street. Quarter to eight. He had pledged the sacred word of a Labrioche to produce a fiddle by a eight o'clock. He must go straight to the Café Pomponnard with the fiddle. And what a fiddle! With the voice of an emperor, he hailed a taxi-cab and thrust his gigantic burden on to the box-seat.

"Café Pomponnard, Boulevard Poissonière," he commanded, "and drive like ten thousand devils!"

The injunction was needless. Parisian taxi-drivers invariably drive like ten thousand devils. On the stroke of eight Gaston shot out of the taxi, seized the double bass, and staggered, like a murderer carrying his victim's corpse, across the crowded boulevard. Into the brilliantly lighted restaurant he stumbled, steering his way between the tables, unabashed by the serried rows of snowy shirt fronts and dazzling toilettes of the diners. Where was the orchestra? Where was the father of Yvette, the most beautiful girl in the world? Straight above him he descried a gallery upon which he saw a grand piano and half a dozen bald, disconsolate-looking men in the act of tuning-up their instruments.

"*En avant!*" cried Gaston, and made for the narrow stairway which led to the gallery. At the stairhead, the *chef d'orchestre*, a stout dapper little man with a moustache so fiercely waxed that it gave his upper lip the appearance of having been pierced by a hat pin, appeared, gesticulating with his baton.

"Hence, madman!" he shouted, wildly.

"Where is M. Noyon, the violinist?" panted Gaston, thrusting the big fiddle before him like a battering-ram.

"Noyon is dismissed!" bellowed the conductor. "Go away and bury that atrocity. *Va-ten!*"

"I cannot if I would," replied Gaston, sadly. "My fiddle has stuck on this ridiculously narrow stairway."

"You pay me, yes?" put in a third voice, harsh and sinister.

The irate taxi-driver had dashed up the stairs and seized Gaston's coat-tails. Followed pandemonium, pure and elemental. Amid roars of mirth from the diners below, the conductor kicked madly downwards at the lightly-wedged fiddle. A cohort of waiters tugged at the poet's legs, and the heroic Gaston struggled and fought with the desperate gallantry of the last cuirassier at Waterloo. The inevitable end came swiftly. The slender balustrade gave way, discharging Gaston, fiddle and all, into the body of the restaurant with a reverberating, Apocalyptic crash—like the crack of Doom. Rough hands, seized the victim and hurled him forth like shot rubbish, on to the pavement.

As, battered and bleeding, he leaped from the wreckage, a quiet, melancholy-looking man in evening dress, rose from a table near the restaurant-door, and walked out towards him.

"Monsieur," said the stranger, "a

(Continued on page 274)

The Young Diana

Photograph *Marcus Adams*

NANCY

The younger daughter of Mr. Vernon Malcolmson and the Hon. Mrs. Malcolmson, of Aston Bury, Stevenage. She is a niece of Lord Belper

quiet word with you. Ah, here is a taxi. We will drive towards your apartment. Get inside."

Gaston's overwrought nerves could stand no more. Meekly he pushed the fiddle back on to the driving-seat, and, exhausted, dropped limply upon the cushion opposite the melancholy man.

"Does the sum of one thousand francs interest you?" inquired his rescuer in even tones.

"Do not torture me with your jests," pleaded Gaston piteously. "I am a broken man. Why do you say that?"

"Because I mean it. My name is Bimbon."

"What? Bimbon, the king of musical clowns, who is drawing all Paris to the Théâtre des Variétés?"

"The same, my friend. I rehearse a new act. I am desolated for lack of comic ideas. And to-night I see your performance. Monsieur, your fall with the fiddle from that staircase was an act of supreme genius. I know the public. Did you not hear the people laugh? As the English say, you knocked down the roof. But it was magnificent! Monsieur, I offer you a thousand francs for the dramatic rights of that tumble to be incorporated in my next sketch."

"But——"

"Cash down," said the great clown, taking out his note-case.

. . . . . .

Half an hour later a taxi whirled madly down a steep Montmartre street. Four steps at a time, Gaston dashed up a rickety staircase.

"Mademoiselle!" he cried. "All is well. I am rich as a best-seller. Your father is to be reinstated to-morrow and shall have the best violin in Paris."

"And you have done this?" murmured Yvette.

"I . . ." returned Gaston, "I and my good friend, M. Bimbon, of the Théâtre des Variétés."

"My hero!" she cried, and fell into his arms.

"Monsieur," put in the discreet voice of the *concierge*. "The taxi-driver waits. He desires to know where he shall deposit monsieur's violin."

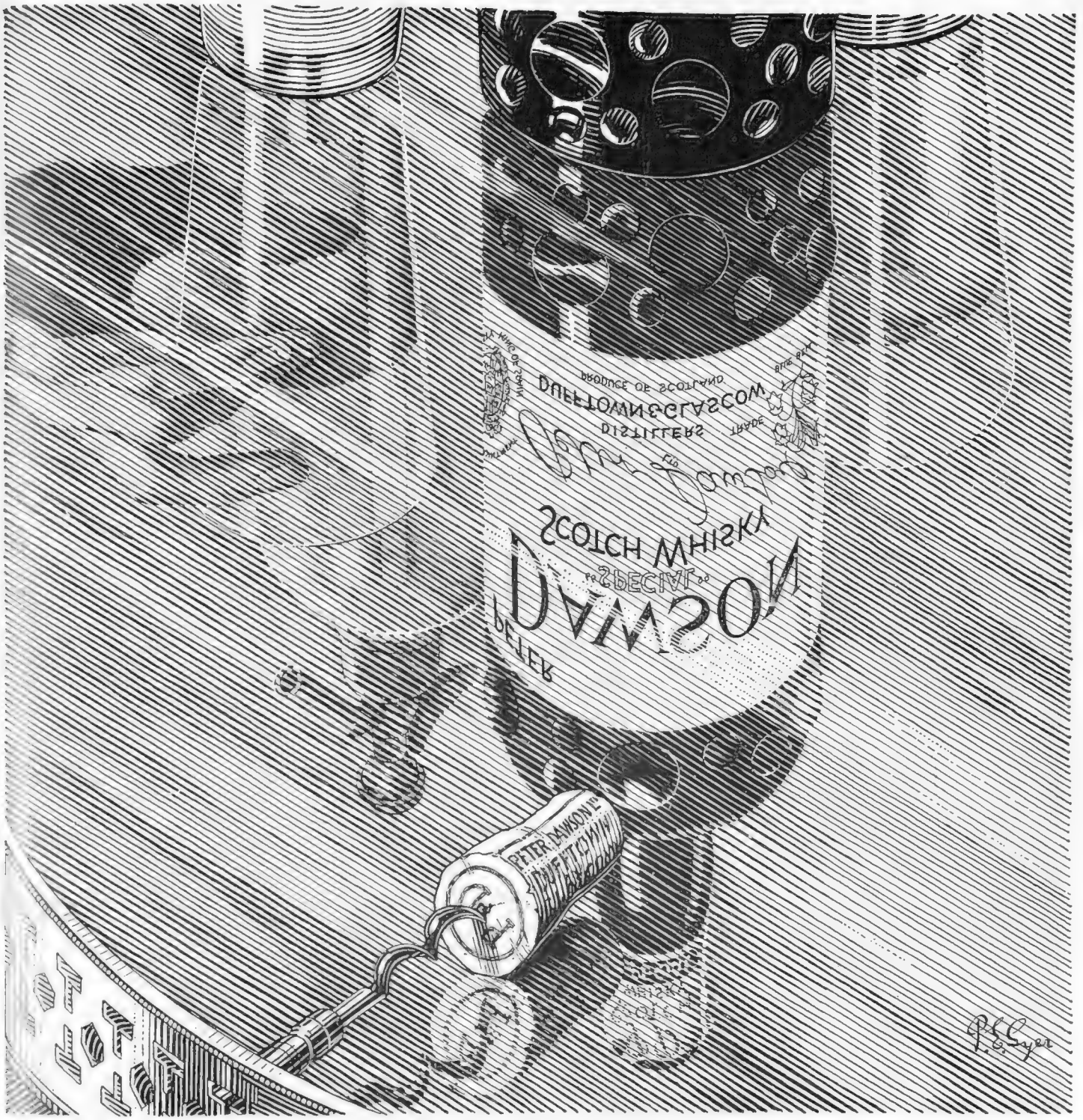
"Tell him," exclaimed Gaston, grandly, "that I present it to him as a small token—*ah, oui*, a small token—of a very interesting evening."

A. A. Thomson

Photograph *Stage Photo Co.*

A REAL FRILLER

A distinctive note in autumn fashions is lent by the four ladies, Terri Storri (left), Vesta Sylva, Muriel Montrose, and Cecile Maule Cole, seen above in "Poppy" at the Gaiety. These leg frills will doubtless be *de rigueur* in all the cathedral towns during the season



ALL that whisky has ever meant in the celebration of masculine occasions throughout the course of history, is distilled into the twentieth century in Peter Dawson Whisky. It is a whisky that is friendship's own friend, and the sponsor of good humour in any company. Be yours the wisdom that provides "P.D" (guaranteed pre-war quality) for your friends.

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ARE YOU CHASING CLUES?

Still Time to Join in BYSTANDER Hunt for £100 Treasure

THERE is still time to join in THE BYSTANDER'S fascinating Treasure Hunt.

The chase will continue for another two weeks, and you can extract as much fun out of it now as those who started to follow the clues when first we announced the Competition two weeks ago.

Quests Nos. 1 and 2, with their accompanying Treasure Hunt Coupons for filling in the clues, were given in the last two weeks' issues, and if you do not succeed in picking up a possible remaining copy of either of these numbers at a bookstall or from your newsagent, a Postal Order for 2*s.* 4*d.* sent to the Publisher of THE BYSTANDER at Graphic Buildings, Tallis Street, E.C. 4, will bring them to you by return post. Obviously, however, the certain way of obtaining future issues is to order them now.

The prize—the hidden treasure—is £100. For those who are just starting to compete, it may be as well to repeat that you can "hunt" for it in comfort, choosing your own time and place, anywhere—at home, in motor-car, train or in omnibus. *Anyone anywhere, at home or abroad,* who is familiar with London or has an informative map or guide to the Metropolis, can enter with equal zest, assured of the same chance of running the treasure to its hiding-place.

SO SIMPLE

The idea is quite simple. Two Country Cousins on their first visit to London, called on us for advice as to visiting certain places. We have arranged that they shall go to these places in their own way, and that they shall describe their journeyings briefly, though perhaps a little mysteriously, indicating certain points of special interest without naming them.

These "certain points" provide the series of clues which will ultimately lead to the treasure.

All you have to do to be in the running is to study Quest No. 3 on this page (Quests Nos. 1 and 2 appeared in our two previous issues), and to travel with our Country Cousins in your imagination, trying to discover the names of the Clues hidden in the underlined and numbered sections of their description. Of course, if you live in London, you will find additional diversion by making the actual journey described.

QUEST No. 3

Leaving—ah, we nearly told you where we finished last week—we crossed a big square named after a great man (1) and passed along a busy thoroughfare which has too many letters in its name (2). Twisting and turning about, we found ourselves in a street, the name of which does not appeal to boxers.(3) But another turn or two, curiously enough, put us right, and going across a bridge, we came to a building, the beauty of the interior of which depends entirely upon the point of view of the spectator.(4) Passing on down a thoroughfare which can hardly be said to justify its name, (5) we so came to the place of our desires—and the desire of all men.(6)

Having solved the third set of clues (as well as the first and second), write them clearly in the Third Treasure Hunt Coupon, printed at the foot of this page.

Only one more Treasure Hunt Coupon will be published. It will appear in next week's BYSTANDER, together with the final Quest No. 4, that will carry the Hunt to its Golden Goal.

Keep the coupons containing your solved clues until you have the complete set of four. The closing date and direction for posting will be published with the last coupon.

RULES OF THE TREASURE HUNT

1. All attempts must be made on our Treasure Hunt Coupons neatly cut from THE BYSTANDER.
2. Competitors may send in as many sets of coupons as they please, but each set must be fastened together, and will be treated as a separate entry.
3. The Editor has the right to divide the prize in the event of a tie, or to disqualify any Competitor for what he may consider good and sufficient reason, and his decision regarding any question relating to this Competition must be accepted as final and legally binding by all Competitors.
4. No responsibility can be accepted for any Coupon lost, delayed, or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be regarded as proof of delivery or receipt.
5. Unstamped or insufficiently stamped entries will be refused.
6. No correspondence can be entered into respecting this Competition.

TREASURE HUNT COUPON.

SOLUTIONS TO QUEST No. 3

*Clue 1*_____ *Clue 4*_____

*Clue 2*_____ *Clue 5*_____

*Clue 3*_____ *Clue 6*_____

I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

*Competitor's Name*_____

*Address*_____

_____

NOTE.—Write in Ink and Block Letters only, and cut out Coupon neatly round the border line

Racing Notions

By "CARBINE"

Another Turn-Up

MR. ARTHUR PORTMAN is entitled to congratulations upon having been the only sporting writer to predict the success of Charley's Mount in the Cesarewitch. He had the pluck to go for her at a time when everybody was saying that she had no earthly chance of winning after her failures at Nottingham and Newbury. I hope "Audax" had the courage of his convictions and backed her as well. At all events, this was more than her owner and trainer did, except for the most trifling amounts. Before the appearance of the entries you often heard the filly's name mentioned in connection with the race, and it was generally agreed that she was a likely sort to do even better than Teresina. But after she had incurred a penalty and then ran so badly at Nottingham, the filly went right out of favour. I for one do not reproach myself for not having put her on the map. Bellman gave us a fair run for our money, and might even have won but for being temporarily lamed by that unfortunate kick he received at the start.

Comedy on the Rails

AFTER the race there was a little comedy on the rails. Mrs. Vernet, who so gracefully carries out the role of bookmaker in Tattersall's ring, was approached by a feminine client who was in a state of mingled joy and anxiety. "I gave you a card backing Charley's Mount for a pound at starting price. I hope you haven't lost it," said the lady, excitedly. Mrs. Vernet replied in her most dignified manner that she was not in the habit of losing her client's cards. "Never mind," she said, "we will look and see." So a search was made through several hundreds of cards. At last the one which was causing the agitation was discovered, and the lucky backer retired in a state of exultation. "Well, I suppose I would have been just as anxious if I had backed the winner at 100 to 1!" was the comment of Mrs. Vernet which closed the incident.

The Cambridgeshire

WHAT is going to win the Cambridgeshire now? I know of one backer who has a double of £20,000 to £20 about Charley's Mount and Diophon. What a bit of luck for him if the Aga Khan does the trick again! Such a result is well within the bounds of probability, for we know what a good colt Diophon is when at his best, and his loss of form in the summer may have been only temporary. Of the various Cambridgeshire horses which ran at headquarters last week, Twelve Pointer accomplished a distinctly good performance in winning his delightful race against Caravel. This was one of the best struggles of the whole season, and I do not wish to see finer jockeyship than Carslake and Bullock displayed. Twelve Pointer meets his Manton rival on 3 lb. better terms in the Cambridgeshire, and should beat him again. I thought that Caravel was feeling the effects of his first race when Drake defeated him twenty-four hours later. Another notable Cambridgeshire trial was that run by Pasha. His victory was extraordinarily easy, and he must have a very big chance next week. The Stewards of the Jockey Club have unquestionably done the right thing in postponing the Cambridgeshire until the day following the General Election. There will be heavy programmes on the two last days of the meeting, and it will mean a very early start, but the railway company is making suitable arrangements.

This Week's Meetings

NEWBURY and Sandown are the fixtures which will attract Southern racegoers this week, and there seems likely to be good sport at both places. At Newbury on Wednesday, **Mintor** may win the Reading Nursery, and **Vionnet** has a good chance in the Autumn Handicap. In the North, on the same afternoon, the Northumberland Autumn Plate may fall to **Highbrow**. The only flat-racing on Thursday will be at Doncaster, where the **Harriet Gelding** may take the Falmouth Nursery. At the same meeting on the following day I fancy the **Bustle Filly** for the Downe Nursery. At Sandown Park on the opening day, I like the chance of **Sebastian** in the Wheat Sheaf Handicap. The second day's programme is confined to National Hunt sport, a sure sign that the winter season is close upon us.

H. WRAGG "THE TOUT"

Who is cartooned here, wears the colours of Lord Lascelles. He is high up on the list of leading jockeys of the season. His successes have been most conspicuous in the North

Sport and General

HUNTING IN HAMPSHIRE

The Duke of Wellington (right) talking to Mr. A. Dalgety, the new Master of the Vine, at a meet at Old Basing

Hunting Notes

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

Polling Week

IT is fortunate for the majority of hunting folk that the date of the General Election should not have fallen in the first week of November, which would have meant that a good many of the opening meets would have been postponed until after polling. The date has left hunting people free to take any part they like in the electoral campaign. Several M.F.H.'s are found in the list of candidates, but lately fox-hunting has not been so strongly represented in the Commons as was the case a couple of decades ago. Up to the present the fields for cubhunting have been small, even in the Shires, but towards the end of October the preliminary operations become more like the "real thing," and we shall see many more people at the covertside.

Concerning Restrictions

WE are still waiting an official pronouncement from the Ministry of Agriculture as to their decision about infected areas during the regular season. At present, Master of Hounds can carry on covert work within a distance of three miles from a notified case of foot-and-mouth disease, but this applies only to cubhunting. So far as I am aware no change in the irksome fifteen-mile radius has yet been made for regular hunting, and it is probable that we shall get no definite decision upon this all-important point until the new Government comes into office. Happily, there is no reason to fear any alarming spread of the cattle disease. Indeed, everything at the moment appears to point to the fact that the trouble is gradually dying down. In any case, the disease promises to be much less prevalent this winter than was the case

Sport and General

CUBBING WITH THE WHADDON CHASE

Miss Robinson (left), Mrs. McDougal, Major Bratt, and Sir Richard Cruise at an early morning meet of the Whaddon Chase near Winslow

last season. This is just as well for fox-hunting, which would inevitably suffer severely if it were again subjected to the same hardships.

An Unlucky Visitor

I know one American sportsman who rented a large house in the Shires for the season, installing, as usual, an expensive stud of hunters and staff of servants. He did not arrive in England until after the start of the regular season, and one of the first announcements he received was to the effect that hunting was stopped owing to foot-and-mouth. He waited on for a month or more, hoping that regulations would be removed, but he was disappointed, and he had to return to the States without getting a single day's hunting! All the expense to which he had been put went for nought, and, naturally, he is not very keen upon repeating the experiment. It is already clear that last season's *débâcle* is having a serious effect upon the subscription lists of the more fashionable packs. Many people are waiting to see how the wind blows regarding the cattle trouble before sending in their cheques to the Hunt Secretary.

Wanted—A New Radius

That is one of the reasons why it is important that the authorities should relax the existing restrictions at the earliest possible opportunity. There is not a single foxhunter in the country who believes that the fifteen-mile radius is necessary for the safety of the cattle, and the majority of the farmers are in complete agreement with this point of view. Indeed, the chief hope of fair treatment which hunting people have, centres now in the opposition of the National Farmers' Union to a continuance of such a widespreading prohibited zone. The general opinion is that a five-mile radius from an infected farm would completely meet the case. Under present restrictions a case of foot-and-mouth disease means practically a complete stoppage of hunting throughout the country in which it occurs, and I need hardly point out how damaging that state of affairs would be to the countryside at large if unduly prolonged.

THIS ENGLAND *Sport and General*

A typical English scene in Old Basing at a recent meet of the Vine. The "frame" of this autumn picture is the Old Garrison Gateway, which is part of the ruins of Basing Castle

Aren't Men Childish?

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

"Dancing is unsanitary"

LONDON, *October* 20

DEAR COUSIN—

AREN'T men children? Not the very least bit of a 'riginal remark I know, but can't help feeling it 'ticularly strongly after a play I've just been to see, written by a man, too, called *The Blue Peter*. Which is all about one of 'em who lives out in the wilds of Nigeria and then comes home and marries. But keeps on pining to go out there again from his comfortable little Liverpool home, 'spite of dearly loved wife and couple of little olive-branches, as the saying goes, whom he'd have to leave behind—climate 'parently being quite hopeless for anything feminine or young, 'less it's coffee-coloured and indigenous to the spot, so to speak.

DOESN'T know the least bit when he's well off, this man doesn't, seemingly. All comfortably looked after at home, regular meals, and buttons sewn on shirts, etcet.—anyway I'm sure we'd have heard about it if they hadn't been. And a nice fire on the hearth, and a wee wifie waitin' when he comes back from the office, and all that sort of thing. Likewise a local doctor all nice and handy 'n case he has the least *soupçon* of a cough or a cold.

WHEREAS in the aforesaid wilds there's all sorts of wild and awful perils, and not a bit on the wee side either, and not merely waiting but fairly rushing at you all the time. Malaria, f'instance, with nothing but quinine and hot drinks and strength of mind to save you from snuffing out in twenty-four hours or thereabouts. Also violent natives with nasty tempers that make 'em draw their bows and arrows at the slightest provocation. Not to mention ladies of the above-mentioned dusky complexion, who 'parently provide a terribly tiresome temptation to some.

YET, would you believe it, this man isn't at all satisfied? Keeps on pulling out his gun and fingering it lovingly, and oiling the works. Act'lly admits, when challenged by wife, that he's fed up with living 'tween four papered walls and (unlike our old dancing friend in "Horsey") wants to see the sun. And when she reminds him that out in those sun-washed spaces he yearns for there'll be no one to see to his undervests, and his next attack 'll prob'ly carry him off, he gets positively fractious.

AND then (so like a man), when she does the sob stunt, he promptly promises not to go, and half an hour later (also in a not unmanlike manner) soon as he's with his old pals, 'cides to go that very same night. And last of all, for no reason in partic'lar that matters, he stays after all. 'Course he really *will* go in the end, only (equally of course) they don't say anything about that in the play. Would have spoilt the *finale* terribly, wouldn't it?

BUT isn't it all too sweetly childish, and all that sort of thing? If only he (and the author) had known just a little bit more about Us and life, he'd just have given his wife a good beating—or kissing, it doesn't matter much which, as long as he showed he meant it—and gone. And then returned, full of gold culled from the local mine he'd heard of, and they'd have lived happily in Rolls-Royces ever after. Whereas, you know, if he really *did* stay, she'd have gone on loving him gratefully, but . . .

OH, don't you think after all, dear cousin, there's a strain of most fearf'ly reckless enterprise and adventure and romance in us all, only it wants bringing out? Abs'lutely forcing out, in fact, specially with us Londoners or Liverpoolites, as the case may be, tho' you'll never persuade me that Cathleen Nesbitt ever found her real spiritual home in Liverpool, as she does 'cording to the play. But that's by the way. And that's where men, childish and childlike men, come in so partic'larly useful, and it's *rather* a pity ever to discourage 'em.

WE women, too, we have our own longings and leanings to a life of glorious adventure, and ho! for the open seas, and hoist the Jolly Roger and all that kind of thing. But we do rather want a lead, and are rather too timid and proud to ask for it ourselves—and that's where men come in, the dear simple childlike things. When they

(Continued on page 282)

"L'Etat, c'est moi!"

THE LONDON SHOE COMPANY HAS HELPED MANY LADIES TO PERFECTLY FITTING SHOES

THE qualities which give style to shoes are seldom very marked. Minute variations in proportion, the fit at ankle and instep, and the placing of the straps determine the grace and comfort of a shoe. For this reason the characteristics that distinguish a smart modish shoe from a commonplace one cannot be successfully conveyed by illustration. Those illustrated merely indicate a few out of many smart and popular models which we have in your style and individual fitting.

HB 2139
Silver tinsel Shoe with fancy straps trimmed silver kid. Also in gold brocade. Louis XV heel.

EB 1520
The 'Garland' Shoe. A very smart design, carried out in patent leather, trimmed silver kid. Also stocked in Paris brown glacé kid, trimmed Beige. Louis XV heel.

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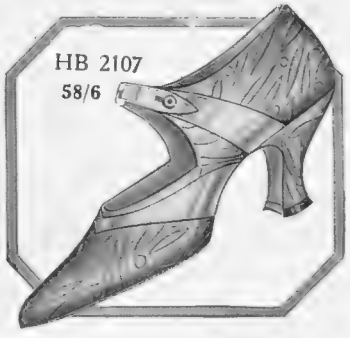
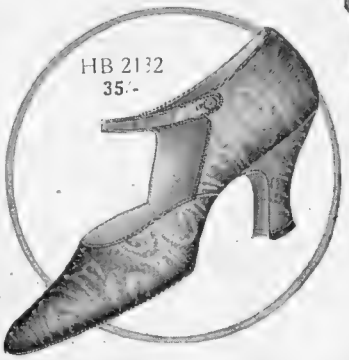
HB 2107
The 'Wembley' Shoe. A dainty new design in silver or gold brocade. Trimmed with kid to tone. Louis XV heel.



H.M. The Queen of Roumania made a selection of the latest styles from among the models shown on this page. They are not only smart and graceful styles, but are authoritatively correct for this Autumn's wear. Miss Madge Titheradge, who favours a pointed toe, was particularly pleased with Model HB 2107.

FB 1527
A smart design in Beige Suede, trimmed collar and bar with 'New Brown' Glacé Kid. Also in several other colour combinations. Louis XV heel.



HB 2132
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want anything they just go for it, and ask for it, or order it, and don't let any mere conventions or temporary ties stand in their way. *L'Etat, c'est moi*, they say (or words to that effect), and as likely as not the bluff comes off.

卐

BUT just you wait till we get those votes at twenty-one, and *then* you'll see a difference. Which a Mrs. Mustard—yes, it's really her name—has been making such a hot stand for, and says we've got to make a complete and abs'lute nuisance of ourselves till we get it. Echo, in other words, of the great suffrage campaign of the year whatnot—pre-war, anyway. But it seems to have worked. And what a pity there isn't a P.M. just now, or anyone else for that matter. Would have made quite a nice bit of propaganda to burn Mr. Snowden's house down, or say "Boo" in chorus just as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was going to drive off from the first tee. . . .

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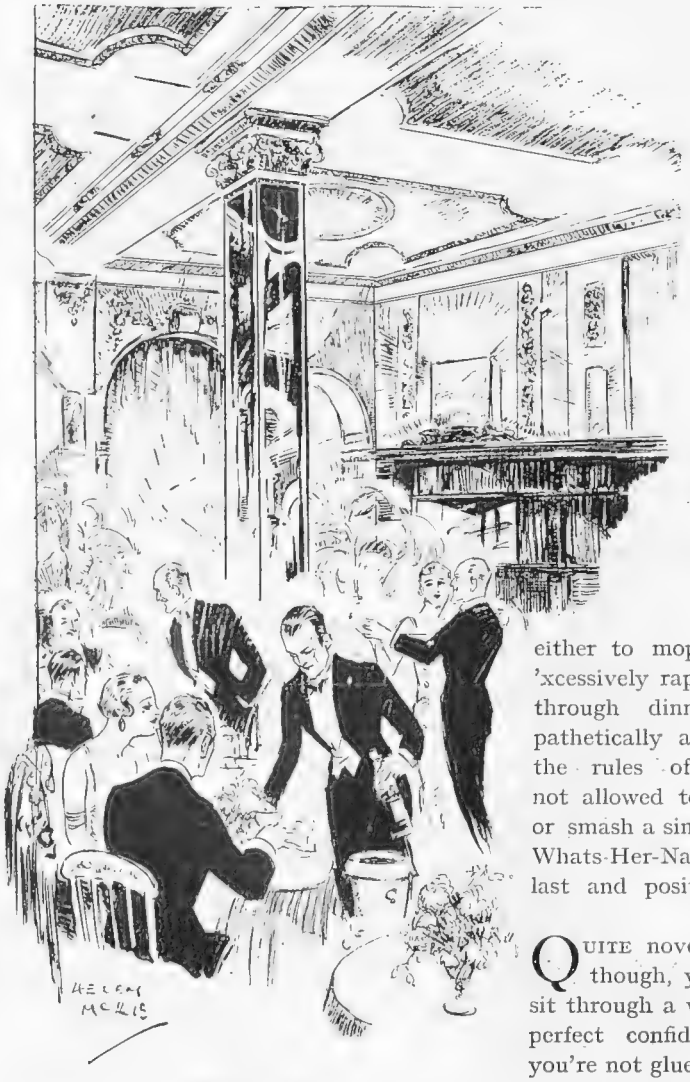
CAN'T, somehow, keep politics out of the air just now, can one? And yet there's lots and heaps of much more important news floating about, such as that, *par exemple*, we're

"Ask for it, or order it"

going to be allowed to dance up till two as before. And that, if tempted and lured to a cabaret show, which I 'fess I'm rather more amiable than 'thusiastic about at any time, quite *the* best method of dealing therewith has undoubtedly been invented by the Metropole people in their *diners fleuris*.



"Blanchard's"

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ALTERNATE "turns" and dances—that's really all the secret, or, 'tany rate, the chief one. Thus avoiding, I mean, all the worst snares of the ord'nary cabaret, where you have either to mop up your food rather 'xcessively rapidly or else sit halfway through dinner or supper, gazing pathetically at the waiter, who by the rules of the establishment is not allowed to move a single muscle or smash a single plate till the Sisters Whats-Her-Name have taken their last and positively final *encore*.

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QUITE novel and pleasant feeling, though, you know, to be able to sit through a whole cabaret show with perfect confident consciousness that you're not glued to your chair for more or less ever and ever, with not a chance of a dance, or even of that snacklet of quail or *pêche Melba* that was just due when the limes suddenly started flooding out and the show began. . . .

卐

NO trouble of that sort at Blanchard's, either, where they have two turns only, mixed up with a lot of what I b'lieve is known as general dancing. Which, of course, is as it should be, with all the old Murrays crowd of dancing experts back there in force. Bright gala nights they are having there every Wednesday, with the Kendal-Grimston band in its alcove and genial Mr. Menti of Romanos and the Florence to see that one's dinner is served with due regard to calories and things.

卐

HOWEVER, 'sfar as I can gather from a portly and significant gathering of World's Advisers, we ought never to visit *any* of these wicked places. "Dancing is unsanitary," says an eminent Oxford parson. "Immorality may be traced to the saxophone," remarks a well-known composer. "Dresses that expose your arms absolutely bare," severely comments an Archbishop, "lower the standard of womanhood," and in fact are positively "dangerous."

卐

ALL rather a horrid and dastardly affair, is not it? And p'raps rather fortunate that quite a lot of us seem to be leaving this so frightfully tainted country for other climes just now. Some for Africa for the winter, others for the Far East, and even, 'parently an early batch preparing for the Riviera where the sun shines so assiduously through late October and the winter months, when ours lies lazily abed, sending, I 'xpect, some minor satellites out to draw the dole.

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BUT if you do want to be reminded of sunshine and beautiful things—well, don't often offer recipes, but in this 'ticular instance can't help rather recommending a new book I've just been reading—and looking at—by Mr. Arthur Watts, who, by the way, done so many drawings and things for THE BYSTANDER. *A Painter's Anthology*, it's called, and is just a lot of lovely pictures of old poems he's chosen for himself. A book to linger and browse over—and forget all about the hurry and scurry of this (more or less unprintable adjective) election.

With love, yours ever,

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P 272.

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HOW TO KNOW DOGS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

A LADY reader of these Notes who is about to start breeding Dogs for profit, asks a question regarding the relative popularity of different varieties, as indicated by entries at the great K.C. Show this month. As a matter of fact, these figures, and the comparative statistics of registration of different breeds during recent half yearly periods may profitably be consulted (in the *Kennel Gazette*, 84, Piccadilly) by all intending breeders and doggy amateurs generally.

The biggest entry at the K.C. Show was that of Cocker Spaniels (416), and the smallest that of Smooth Collies (6). Alsatians were 358; Gordon Setters 7. Pekingese were 211, and that entirely delightful miniature hound, the Basset, 8; Sealyhams 181; Curly Retrievers 12; Wirehaired Fox 170; Skyes 15; Labradors 173; Newfoundlands 28. The whole figures repay study; and, be it noted, very special interest—profit, too, sometimes—attaches to some of the less widely popular varieties; less competition, more distinction, more intriguing chances of making one's mark and permanently affecting one's chosen breed. Consider, for example, Bloodhounds and Bassets; Yorkshires and King Charles. Sir Walter's favourites: Dandies and Deerhounds—great gentlemen and sportsmen both—yielded respectively 101 and 29 entries.

Next week (30th) brings another important Show at the Alexandra Palace; a big one-day function; to-day the Toy-Dogs (unhappily so-called) have their innings at the Crystal Palace; and next Wednesday brings Portsmouth Show, and the Fox Terrier Club's, in Handel Street, Bloomsbury.

Some oddly naive things have been said and written about Dogs lately; about their "intelligence," and so forth; apropos their performances for the cinema, work for foreign police, etc.; things that have led innocents to deliver themselves of such *obiter dicta* as that: "One is almost tempted to assert that such Dogs as these must really be able to think, if not actually to reason, and to communicate their thoughts and knowledge." Well, well! That "almost tempted" is very daring.

General public appreciation of canine psychology grows but slowly; hampered and delayed by the persistent habit of regarding and judging Dogs solely from the human standpoint, as humble specimens of a lower creation, rather than as highly developed persons who happen to belong to another species than our own. Try judging them as you might men and women of another race; always as personalities; different rather than inferior; persons, not pets. Petting is no more helpful than sheer indifference, in acquiring real understanding of doggy psychology.

That Dogs do habitually think, reason, and communicate their thoughts, and understand humans better than most humans understand them, is, perhaps, best known to kennel-men (and women) and those breeders and fanciers, not too richly endowed, who do all or most of their own kennel work; who are intimate with families of Dogs in the domesticity of their daily lives, as the members of modest human households are intimate with one another. Such knowledge comes not easily to those who only know Dogs on parade, or through a single specimen, in the house. But indeed, it's not difficult knowledge to acquire; when approached modestly with an open mind; and it's wonderful how much it enriches and enlarges companionship and outlook generally.

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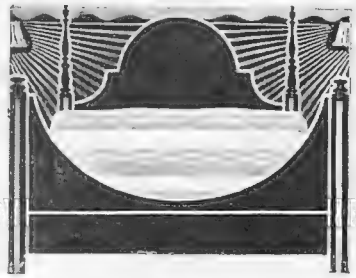

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DEWAR'S

FEMINA

IF WEMBLEY OPENS NEXT YEAR. By MRS. M. VINCE

A POPULAR SOPRANO

A new portrait of Miss Frieda Hempel, the Swedish soprano, who is appearing at the Albert Hall on Sunday (October 26). Miss Hempel, who has been successfully touring the Kingdom, is known to all concert-goers by her "Jenny Lind" concerts—a popular presentation of the famous Swedish soprano that has proved an undoubted success in this country as in many other parts of the world

ONE of the most interesting things at Wembley was those six rooms in the Palace of Arts, which showed the different methods of decorating and furnishing at five different periods, from 1740 up to the present day. There were not queues waiting for them as there were for the Queen's Doll's House, but they seemed always to attract a great many people. If Wembley opens next year, what should we like to have in place of them? Some furnished rooms we certainly ought to have.

WE might, of course, have a series of rooms, starting from a much earlier time. That would be interesting, but not so practically interesting. For those six rooms covered the greater part of the modern period. We should feel at home at once in the 1740 room, but we should hardly feel at home in a 1640 room. It would be much more interesting to have a series of rooms from different parts of the Empire. It must, I think, have struck many people as odd that in an Empire Exhibition all the furnished rooms were English. We travelled at Wembley round half the world. We saw the woods and fruits that the Dominions grow. We saw the things they make. We saw their animals and birds. We saw panoramas of their farms and mountains and orchards and harbours. The one thing that we did not see was how they lived. We went everywhere—except into their homes. Even if they are very like ours, it would still be very interesting to see them. People may live thousands of miles across the sea. They may earn their living in very different ways. They may even speak English with their own accents. But if we saw that every day they sat down in the same sort of dining-room, we should feel at once how much we had in common with them. That is what I should like to see if Wembley opens next year — Canadian, Australian, and South African rooms, and beside them one or two modern English rooms as well.

BUT if we could not have a series of British Empire rooms, we might have a very interesting series of modern English rooms. All our big furnishing houses now make an ordinary practice of showing you completely furnished rooms, each with its price attached. It is, no doubt, very useful for anyone decorating and furnishing a whole house to see exactly how much each room will cost, for in nothing are you so likely to end by spending far more than you intended than when you start to furnish a house. But cost is only one of a hundred practical points which need illustrating in an exhibition of furnished rooms. You cannot take a room from a shop and put it down in your house, and expect that it will suit it. To do that is to make the same sort of mistake that a stout short woman makes when she buys a frock because it looked so beautiful on a tall slim mannequin.

A NEAR EASTERN QUESTION——

—No further than Blanchard's (née Murray's) Club in Beak Street. Our photograph shows Haroun and Yasmin, the two new "Oriental" dancers, who are dancing at Blanchard's. They have been touring the Continent, prior to which Haroun (who is *not* an Arabian knight) was producer and *premier danseur* in "Chu Chin Chow" and "Cairo" with Mr. Oscar Asche in Australia

WHAT we really want to see at such an Exhibition is how the decoration would vary when you take into consideration, as everybody must do if a house is to be properly decorated, the practical limitations of different houses. The first, of course, is aspect. What it would be interesting to see, then, is the same room differently treated according to whether it has a warm and sunny, or a cold and dark outlook.

THEN there is the very important question of the actual physical effect of different colours. One continually hears people say that they like this or that colour. They will tell you that some particular colour is "complimentary" to them, and that they must have it in their rooms. But they say these things without ever having thought what effect different colours have in a room. They do not understand how much the choice of colours affects, not only the light, but the feeling of warmth in a room. Still less do they realise that they affect its size. A red room, for example, seems much smaller than a blue room. In the same way, by the use of colours and by the arrangement of frieze, picture-rail and ceiling, one can vary considerably the appearance and the height of a room. These also are facts which people will not realise unless they see them actually illustrated by furnished rooms.

ONE might continue the series by showing the different ways in which the walls of the same room can be treated—with panelling, with paint, with distemper, with paper. The cost of the room will vary in each case, and the rest of the decoration of the room will vary according to the way in which the walls are treated.

THEN there is the question of pictures. Such a series as this would show the same room as its walls might be decorated if there were pictures to hang on them, and if there were not; with the differences in curtains and furniture, covers and carpet, which follow at once from the different treatment of the walls. These are some of the many practical points on which the decoration of a house depends, and it is just these points which it would be most interesting to see illustrated in an exhibition, because it is on taking these, and many other things of the same sort, into consideration that the successful decoration of a house depends.

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RUGGER RAGGINGS

ONE POINT—AND A MORAL OR TWO

By "PENDARVES"

THERE appear to be several ways of winning matches nowadays. There is the orthodox way, that of scoring more points, in the correct manner, than the other side. There is a continuance of flagrant offside; kicking aimlessly into touch with monotonous regularity when the referee is beginning to look at his watch and your side is a point or two ahead; falling on the ball and staying there the while infuriated people hack you all over (only martyrs do this); another, and a very un-English way, is to harry the visiting players from the touch line by scathing remarks such as "Shove him in the stand" when an opponent is lying on the ground hurt. Oh, by the way, I had almost forgotten, a New Zealander begs me to add that there is also poisoning *en gros* as an effective means of keeping team No. 1 off the field of battle.

I write with rather a jaundiced outlook, perhaps, because I have recently been on the Rectory Field, Blackheath, seeing Newport scramble home by one point, in exchange, I am afraid, for some of their morals.

This was the side which is supposed, according to certain Welsh newspaper headlines, to have "gained a moral victory" over the All Blacks. I am not at all clear what "a moral victory"

But if it means the-deuced-hard-luck-not-to-have-done-so kind of thing, then Blackheath on that day had a overwhelming (moral) victory, though as all the world knows the official figures read Newport 7, Blackheath 6.

Usually these one-point games are a joy to watch, and are the more thrilling and pleasurable because of their rarity. The only really thrilling thing about this match was the fear, expressed on the faces of many of the ladies round me, that the gentleman who ran out from the pavilion five times with a pair of shorts to repair irreparable damage might at any moment rush out screaming "Nah poo!" or something tragic of that kind. The only amusing thing that I noticed was the smile of beatific content settling on the face of a well-known athletic outfitter in front of me when the fifth pair of shorts went to the rag-bag.

For the rest, this was an unpleasant game. It is a pity that one should have to write caustically about a first-class Rugby match when a Welsh team comes to town, and not when other people do—but so it often is. Why? Why, for example, should it be necessary for highly experienced players, like certain members of the Newport team, to rush out prematurely and gesticulate at A. T. Lawton when he is about to take a penalty place kick right in front of their goal? A kick that he could make successfully seven times out of ten with his eyes shut, but which *this time he missed*. This sort of thing did not happen once, but several times, and each time with effect.

Let us turn to more palatable matters.

Lawton's play at stand-off for Blackheath, his first appearance this season, was an education to most people. Why this much-discussed player has never been capped is beyond me, in spite of the nonsense that was talked about his Colonial disqualification. He was easily the best man on the ground that day. He has all the attributes of the ideal stand-off player, hands, determination, judgment and speed.

We are still trying to find out who the Blackheath player was who went mad for the moment and from the thick of a maul on the borderland of his own 25 threw the ball back over his head just any old where. Quite the most dangerous thing I have ever seen done on the Rectory Field—and this, too, against Welshmen!

At a time, in the latter part of the second half, when impetuous Kentish partisans who had laid odds on The Club were wishing they had not, and were beginning to fumble for their note-cases, a distinct change came over the game. Blackheath, with the frenzy of the consistently battered (as, indeed, they were) began to attack ferociously. And they went on attacking. So much so that reward, splendidly achieved and deserved, came in the form of their second try, by Wynne (who at one time was thrown amongst the spectators on the rope seats and seemed to like it) and the score became 6—7.

And it continued thus for about a quarter of an hour. During the whole of which time quiet inoffensive gentlemen in the stand howled like hyenas. Odd, this, because their throaty beseechings to The Club to "come on," caused one to turn and survey them. They were for the most part the nice, sleek, bespectacled taxpayers, don't you know, who keep marvellous analyses of the wife's monthly house-keeping books, with diagrams as to costs of living, and who are frightfully good at acrostics. It is wonderful what a close club game of Rugby can do for some people.

And what a deleterious effect it seems to have on the morals of others.

Sport and General

GIVING THEM THE SLIP

A New Zealander avoiding a tackle whilst in possession. One of the incidents in the "All Black's" match against Durham at Sunderland, which they won by 43 points to 7

Sport and General

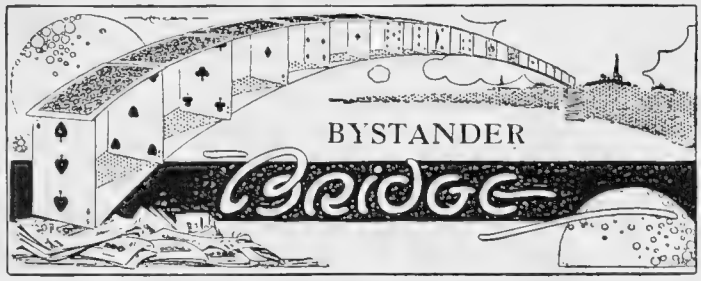
R. COVE-SMITH

The well-known Rugger International who captained the British team which recently returned from a tour in South Africa

By looking back to page 277 you may be able to look forward to £100. There you will find the Clues of our £100 TREASURE HUNT which await your solving. And they are "so simple, my dear Watson."

HERE is a little catch. What is the highest score it is possible to make in one game without a double or revoke?

Nine people out of ten will reply, as a matter of course, a grand slam in No-Trumps and 100 Aces—270. But that is wrong. The highest is a grand slam in Spades with five honours in the Declarer's hand and chicane in his partner's. This totals 271 points (100+90+18+63).



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

HANDICAPS AT BRIDGE

A correspondent writes: "Have you noted the curious fact that after a misdeal there is nearly always a singleton in the following deal? In fact it has been my habit to lay 2 to 1 on there being a singleton in one hand on these occasions. I have only lost once, and have seen a singleton in each hand several times."

I wonder if any of my readers can confirm this experience. I do not see how or why a misdeal should affect the matter, but it is certainly true that if one player has a singleton of a suit, it is odds on that another at the table has been dealt a singleton of another suit.

. . . . . .

Referring to my remarks in THE BYSTANDER of October 1 on the relative importance of good cards, bidding and play, Dr. J. F. Gillies writes: "The importance of good cards depends, of course, on the ability to use them well. If the two best players in London could be matched against the two worst, 30 or 40 per cent. probably would be too much to allow for the cards. If one could imagine four equal players the cards would be worth 100 per cent. In other words the proposition is a variable one, depending upon the difference in skill between the players, and cannot be fixed unless that is known.

On calling and play, however, one can form an estimate. I give it as 3 to 1 on the calling. You give 3 to 2. A writer in the *Times* some little time ago discussed how it is that some players, who do not play well and seem to make bad calls, consistently win and are regarded as good card holders. His view was that it was due to their calling being based on the weakness of their opponents. Against non-doublers they would over call freely. Against those who they were certain would overcall they would push and so on. In the rubber game, for instance, such a player may make an absolutely unjustifiable call up to three Spades, push his opponents into four Hearts, when three would have taken them out, and get them down 100 points. The sound caller would have lost the rubber, the tricky one scores 100 points. A man may play as well as is possible, but the extra trick is only occasionally of much value to him. Moreover, unless the joint hands are played in the right call, he can't do any good.

But a skilful caller scores all the time. Your proposition won't do. I should be more inclined to increase my estimate of 3 to 1 than reduce it."

. . . . . .

A novice writes me a letter advocating handicapping at Bridge. "No two golfers," he writes, "with handicaps say of scratch would think of playing two eighteen men level in a foursome. Why should the luck of the cut leave two bad or moderate players to struggle with two good players?

From my personal experience I think I can safely say that two good players are likely to win eighteen rubbers out of

(*Continued on page 292*)

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Intoxicants

AN ESSAY IN BLATANCY

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IT is not often that I indulge in naked statements. I prefer to clothe my language, since a nude statement inspires even less emotion than a nude woman.

But nowadays vulgarity has achieved a certain vogue, and so, as representing a fashionable firm, I may be pardoned an occasional excursion into vulgar discourse.

The naked and the very obvious statement of fact is that the House of Pope & Bradley is easily the first and greatest of the producers of men's tailoring in Europe. It is first both in artistry and in commerce. The Income Tax the firm pays represents an unpleasant confirmation of its material success.

The rudiments of style come easily to the artist; which is why, as controller of this firm, I am able to devote 90 per cent. of my time to literature, finding 10 per cent. amply sufficient for the dictation of the subtleties of tailoring.

In no spirit of snobbery I relate the following incident. Circumstance has not led me to meet many tailors, but a few years ago, in a West End Club, I happened to meet a partner of one of the best known Savile Row firms. On his own initiative he engaged me on certain points of style. The sleeves of his dinner jacket were ridiculously wide, so I asked him if the purpose was for the concealment of rabbits. Mine were sufficiently narrow to take an 8½ inch shirt cuff; a simple and anatomical point of style which accentuates the waist effect. Six months later the Savile Row firm corrected this absurdity.

Surrendering to a vulgar aggressiveness—which will not be worth while repeating—the men's fashions of London and of the world have been set for the last decade by Pope & Bradley. In reality style is the simple study of outline. The Victorian crudities have been knocked out. Savile Row, and the entire West End, merely copy the fashions set by this House. And personally I appeciate the compliment of their adaptations.

* * * * * * * *

After the blatancy of this little discourse, it is pleasant to record that there is one really modest feature about the House: the prices charged. Lounge Suits from £9 9s.; Dinner Suits from £14 14s.: Dress Suits from £16 16s.; Overcoats from £7 7s.; Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d.

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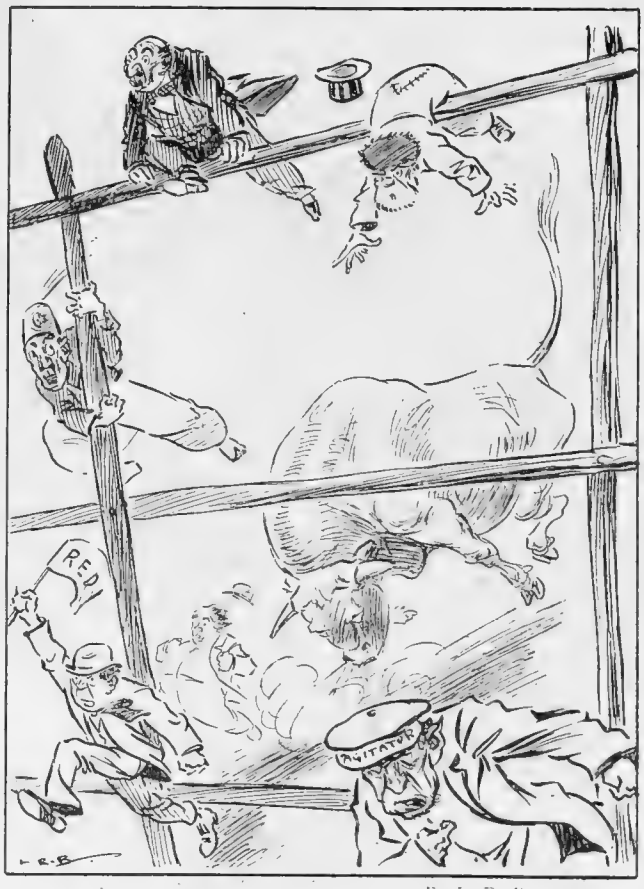
twenty; and it seems to me that the only way of making Bridge fair for the weaker players is to give them a handicap of so many points *below the line*.

Of course, it might be argued that the better players usually play together, and so, however the four cut, the game is fair. Yet surely this is not always the case. Three players looking for a fourth will gladly take in a weaker player to make up a game. And the good player who has cut the rabbit more often than not takes him out of any call he may make because it is unsafe to let him play a hand.

. . . . .

Suppose that a medium player was rated at five. Then two playing against two good players would receive ten points below the line, leaving them twenty to score for the game.

But doubtless you could devise a better method than the above, which I give simply as an illustration. I do not think that any elaborate system would have to be adopted; any two sound players could handicap the remaining members of any club, and the handicaps given could be adjusted as need arose.



By L. R. Brightwell

WILL JOHN BULL "SEE RED" AT LAST?

I speak with feeling when I say that it is very difficult for anyone (whose education has been neglected in the past) to commence the game. And when he does, this is what his partner will say to him during a single rubber:—

'Good Lord! Didn't you realise that my call was a push call to make them go Spades?'

'Heavens! Why didn't you tell me about your Spades?'

'I didn't want to hear about your beastly Diamonds.'

'Yes, we were lucky to save the game, but if you had taken the trouble to watch my discards we should have got them down two!'

'Having no Hearts? Then, my hat! why didn't you support me in Spades?'

The novice leaves the table vowing never to play again."

. . . . .

All this is quite true, but the idea of handicapping Bridge players is impossible. The conditions are quite different from those at golf. Bad cards are sufficient handicap in themselves.

Next week the result of the Competition will be given and in the following week a new Competition will commence.

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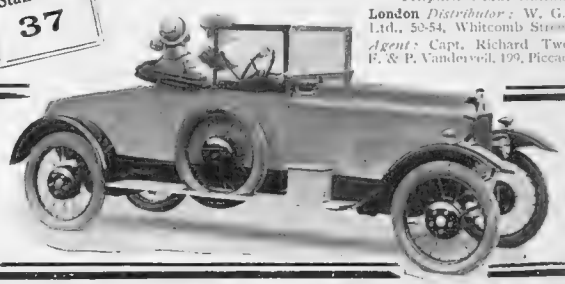

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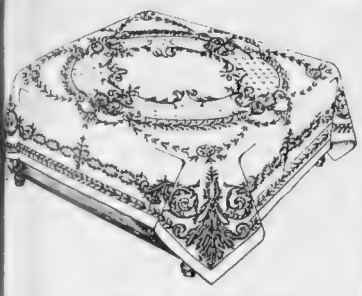

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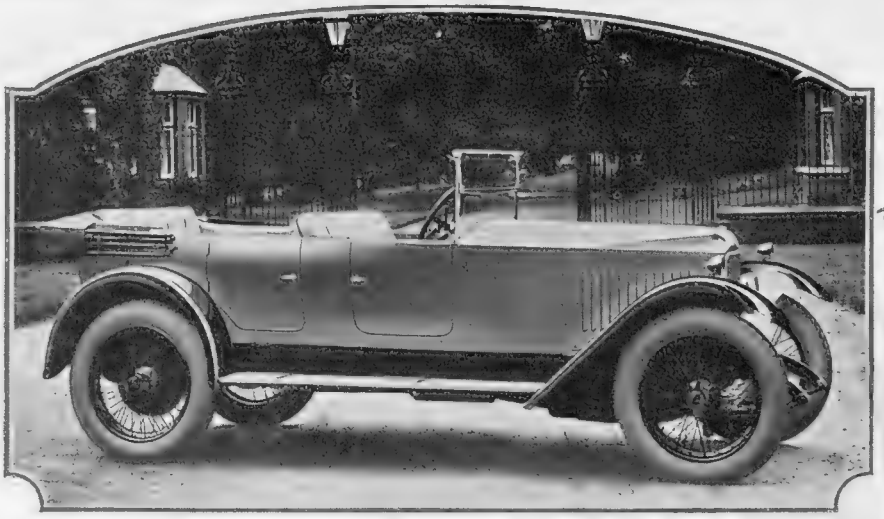

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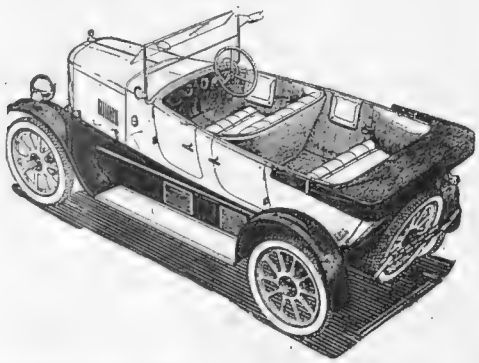

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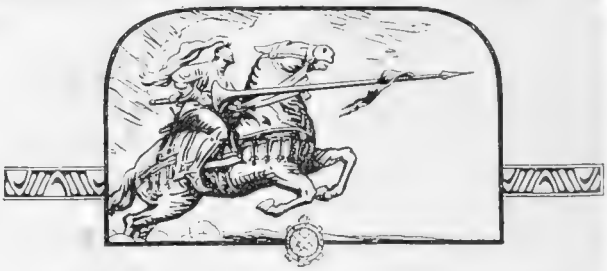

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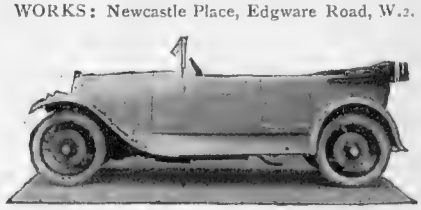


MORE SHOW NOTES

AT OLYMPIA

By GEORGE C. STEAD

A 12 H.P. SWIFT

With a three-quarter coupé cabriolet body, climbing the long hill into Hampton-in-Arden

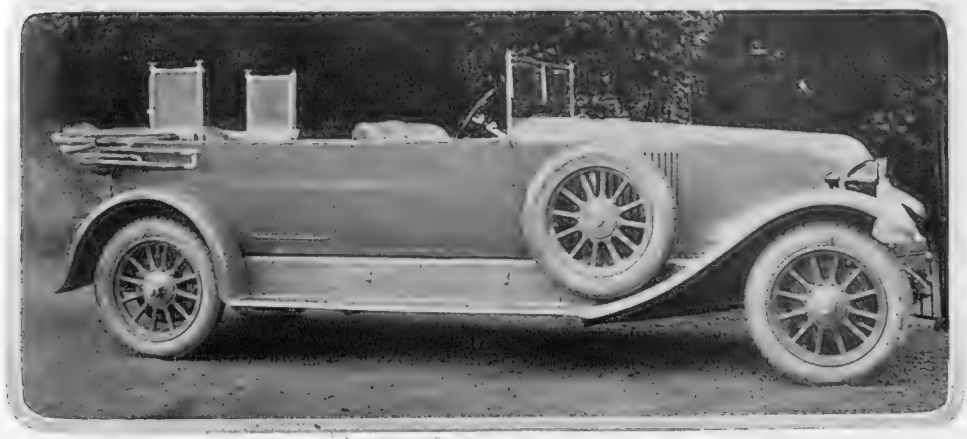
UNTIL the end of this week, the Eighteenth International Motor Exhibition at Olympia is the leading attraction of London. It opened last Friday, and will close at 10 p.m. next Saturday, the 25th inst. During the whole of last week, visitors were arriving from all parts of the country and from abroad, in order to see the finest collection of motor vehicles which has ever been gathered together under one roof. It is the motor event of the year, and every one in any way connected with the manufacture, sale, repair, or use of motor vehicles always makes a point of being present at this Exhibition. The Show opens at ten o'clock every morning, and the prices of admission are 5*s.* to-day and to-morrow, and 2*s.* 6*d.* on Friday and Saturday. The maximum interest, of course, is being shown in the lower price vehicles, and there is every indication that motoring in 1925 will be far more widespread than it has ever been before.

Bentley, Stand 221 The polished chassis in the centre of the Bentley stand always an object of particular interest. It will be remembered that the Bentley the holder of the Double Twelve hour record, and was also the winner of the twenty-four hour endurance test in France. A few modifications have been made for 1925, perhaps the most important being the fitting of twin S.U. carburetters to the speed model chassis. The engine has sixteen overhead valves, with overhead cam-shaft, pump, water circulation with automatic thermostat, ignition by two M.L. magnetos, four speeds and reverse, open propeller-shaft, and final bevel-drive. The Bentley internal expanding brakes are fitted to all four wheels, the hand-brake operating separately of the rear wheels. The price of the chassis is £925. A sporting four-seater body is shown, mounted on a speed model chassis, this model representing one of the fastest touring cars in existence. The price, complete, is £1,125. In contrast to this speed model is a four-door saloon, which is mounted on a long wheel-base chassis.

THE 12 H.P. ARROL-JOHNSTON SALOON

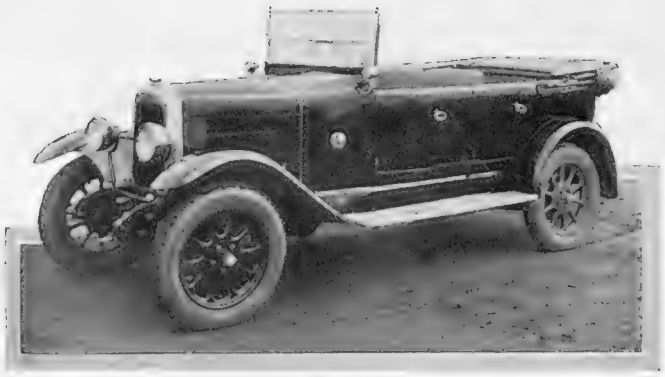
Swift, Stand 127 Two 10 h.p. Swifts are to be seen on this Stand, one fitted with a two-three seater body at £235, and the other with a roomy four-seater body, price £235. The 10 h.p. chassis has been considerably improved. A longer wheel base is fitted, magneto ignition is provided, and right-hand gear change is now standard. Balloon tyres are fitted to both exhibits. Two examples of the 12 h.p. with longer wheel-base and wider track are shown, the one a four-seater at £375 and the other a saloon at £550. An entirely new model of the Swift is also exhibited, viz., the 18-50 h.p. It has a four-cylinder engine, unit construction and four-wheel brakes. The 18-50 h.p. car is being exhibited fitted with a four-seater body, and with the most complete equipment, the price is £595. The makers are Swift of Coventry, Ltd.

Renault, Stand 182 Five examples of the Renault cars are exhibited. Dominating the stand is the chassis of the 45 h.p. six-cylinder, which is priced at £1,000. An exceptionally attractive enclosed drive cabriolet body by Hooper and Co. is mounted on a similar chassis, price complete at £2,000. An example of the 26.9 h.p. six-cylinder Renault is shown, with long wheelbase, mounting a six-seven seater three-quarter landaulette body by the Regent Carriage Company, price £1,450. Next in the scale is the 13.9 h.p. four-cylinder Renault with five-seater open touring body, price £450. The baby of the fleet is the 8.3 h.p. four-cylinder Renault, with four-seater open touring body, price complete £260. It is interesting to note that all Renault cars are fitted with the makers' own system of four-wheel brakes, while the smaller models are provided with low-pressure tyres. The Renault is distinctive in that the radiator is mounted at the rear of the engine and is totally enclosed by the bonnet. Extreme accessibility of the engine is thus secured while the cooling of the engine is not interfered with in any way.



A MIGHTY CAR—THE 45 H.P. SIX-CYLINDER RENAULT

With open touring body



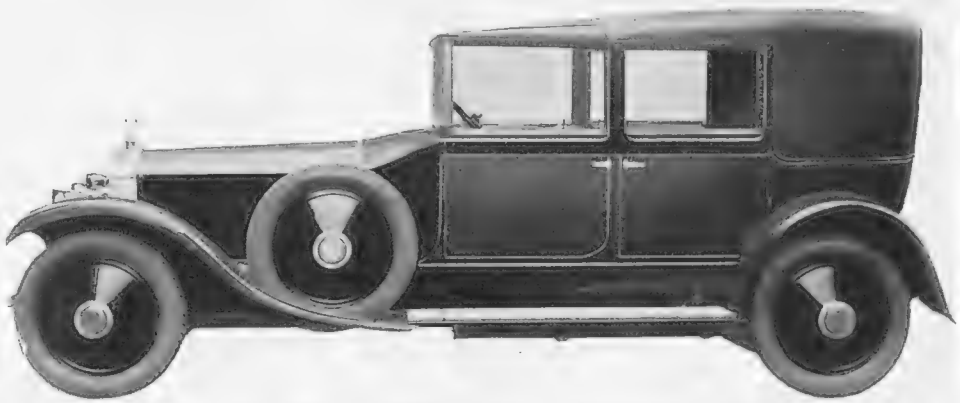
THE NEW 12/20 H.P. CALTHORPE FOUR-SEATER
With low pressure tyres

touring body, artillery wheels, and low-pressure tyres is also shown, price £425. Another example of the chassis is shown with a limousine landaulette body, artillery wheels, and low-pressure tyres at the price of £595. The fourth example of the 12-32 Darracq is shown with a saloon limousine body, price £540, and a sports chassis with a Weymann body is an excellent example of a fast all-purpose car, price, complete, at £585. An attractive example of the 15-40 h.p. is shown with a four-seater sports body, £595. This chassis is similar to the smaller one, but the engine has a Treasury rating of 13.9 h.p. Four-wheels brakes are fitted as standard on this also. The makers are the Darracq Motor Engineering Co., Ltd., of Acton.

BP. British Petroleum motor spirit has as its starting point the oil fields of Persia. The crude oil is brought to this country in tank steamers, and is then refined at the enormous works at Llandarcy. From here the refined spirit is distributed to the various head depots, whence it is ultimately distributed to the retailer. The wells whence the oil comes are operated by British capital, the steamers which bring the oil to this country are British, and the works and distribution organisation in this country are also British.

Darracq, Stand 126 Particular interest is taken in the Darracq exhibit owing to the astounding success of this make in the recent 200-mile race. It will be remembered that the three Darracqs entered finished first, second, and third within 2 secs. of each other, at an average speed of 102 miles per hour, winning easily. Six examples are shown, the first being a 12-32 h.p., with English four-seater sports body, priced at £550. The engine is rated at 11.5 h.p., and is fitted with overhead valves. Three forward speeds are provided, while internal expanding brakes act on all four wheels. Wire wheels and standard tyres are fitted. A similar chassis with a standard

themselves being all painted in these contrasting colours. It should be noted that the prices for 1925 have again been reduced, and even greater value is being offered at remarkably low figures. The most inexpensive car is the Overland five-seater tourer, which sells at £165. Next in the range is the Overland five-seater *de luxe* touring car, with rear wind-screen, leather upholstery and exceptionally full equipment. Balloon tyres are fitted, and the price is £270. The Overland landaulette at £415 is an excellent car both for town and country use. It can be obtained upholstered either in leather or Bedford cord, and the price is £415. The two Willys-Knight cars which are shown represent the extraordinary value which can be supplied. These cars are fitted with the silent Knight sleeve-valve engine fitted with the latest improvements, including a Lanchester balancer. The four-door saloon exhibited is a remarkably fine example of English coachwork. It is fully fitted with every accessory and aids to comfort, while the price is but £595. The second Willys-Knight is fitted with a five-six-



A PERFECT CAR WITH A PERFECT BODY—THE 40/50 H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE
With a Cabriolet de Ville body by Barker & Co. (Coachbuilders) Ltd.

Willys-Overland, Stand 181 The Willys-Overland-Crossley stand is one of the most attractive in the Exhibition. It is finished throughout in black and white, the flooring and the exhibits seated English coach-built touring body, and is priced at £445. The makers are the Willys-Overland Crossley, Ltd.

SNAPPED ON A FAST TOUR IN FRANCE—A 12/32 H.P. DARRACQ
With a Weymann saloon limousine body

Standard, Stand 211 Three examples of the 11 h.p. Standard and two of the 14 h.p. are exhibited. Mounted on the 11 h.p. chassis is shown an example of the "Canley" all-weather body seating two in the inside and two in the dickey seat. The price complete is £235 plus £13 for special painting and trimming. An example of the "Kineton" all-weather body seating four persons is also exhibited, fitted with balloon tyres. This is the lowest-priced car of the Standard range, and it will be admitted that at £200 it represents extremely good value. The new Piccadilly saloon body, seating four, is also shown on an 11 h.p., chassis price £275. One of the 14 h.p. Standards exhibited is fitted with a Warwick all-weather special body seating five and priced at £385. An example of the popular 14 h.p. Pall Mall saloon is also shown, fitted with balloon tyres and priced at £475. Front-wheel brakes can be fitted to the 14 h.p. model at £10 extra. Standard cars have an unexcelled reputation for economy and reliability, and with the new 1925 prices the Standard should become even more popular than it is at present.

(Continued on page 295)

Stand 454 Olympia

(GALLERY)

BAL-LON-ETTE TYRES AND TUBES AT YOUR GARAGE

Stocks of Bal-lon-ette tyres and tubes are nowbeing placed with garages all over the country. If your Agent does not stock them ask him to write to us for an Agreement, and stocks will be put at your requirements. Your garage can arrange to fit a set of Bal-lon-ette low pressure tyres to your present car by getting into communication with us. You have no need to buy a new car to get up-to-date.

SPECIFY BAL-LON-ETTES WHEN ORDERING A NEW CAR.

"Bal-lon-ette" was just a word not a year ago. Its meaning aroused the curiosity of the motoring world. To-day it is the "Motoring Word" for low pressure tyres.

The first British low pressure tyre on the market, it has rendered ordinary tyres obsolete within twelve months. It has made motoring history.—It compelled both car and tyre manufacturers to adopt the Bal-lon-ette type of tyre.—It set the British standard in low pressure tyres.

WHEELS FREE

In addition to the trial offer of Bal-lon-ette tyres, we now give the wheels entirely free. The Motoring Public are being confused with all kinds of tyres that will fit present rims, the majority of which would eventually dissatisfy users of the low pressure tyre.

This is our reason for giving the wheels free, so that you can fit Bal-lon-ette—the standard low-pressure tyre—on to your cars without the extra cost of wheels.

Bal-lon-ette tyres fit all standard low-pressure beaded edge rims.

SIZES AND PRICES

Size of Ordinary Tyre	Bal-lon-ette Sizes to correspond	Cover	Tube	Spoke Wheel	Disc Wheel
		£ s. d.	s. d.		
650 x 65 700 x 80 700 x 85 26 x 3	715 x 115	3 2 3	11 9	FREE	
710 x 90 28 x 3½ 30 x 3½ 760 x 90	730 x 130	3 13 0	13 0		
760 x 90 810 x 90 30 x 3½ 765 x 105	775 x 145	4 16 0	14 0	FREE	
815 x 105 815 x 120 820 x 120	860 x 160	6 3 6	16 0		
895 x 135	895 x 165	9 15 4	18 5		

Fits existing rims and is for large cars such as Rolls-Royce, Daimler, Napier, etc.

THE 31 X 4·40 BAL-LON-ETTE. Cover, £2 13 0; Tube, 9/6.

This tyre has been specially made to fit the wheels of cars using 30 x 3½ and 31 x 4 tyres, but is advised for use on Ford Cars only, as new wheels cannot be fitted without expensive alterations to hub fittings. For other cars where the hubs will take new wheels we recommend fitting Bal-lon-ette 730 x 130 or 775 x 145 tyres, according to road clearance.

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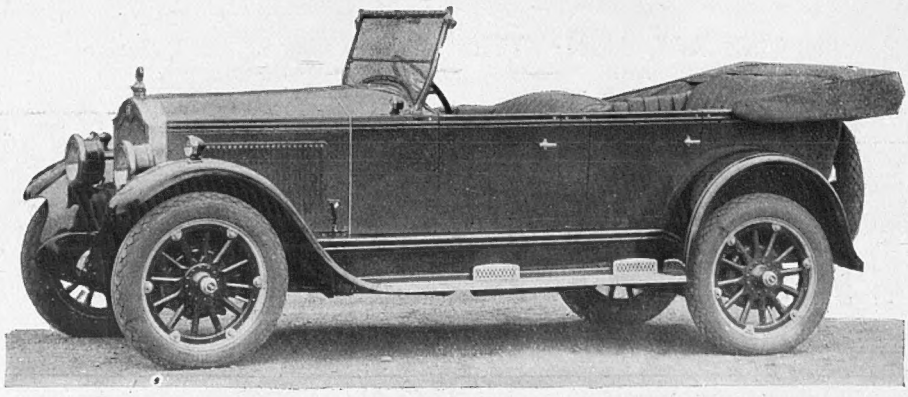


A NEW SIX-CYLINDER—THE 20 H.P. BUICK
With "Majestic" five-seated body

General Motors, Stand 39 and 138

The products of General Motors are exhibited on two stands. Those on Stand 39 are manufactured by General Motors of Canada, Ltd., and comprise one Oldsmobile and three Chevrolets. The Oldsmobile has a six-cylinder 18 h.p. engine, side by side valves, all brakes on the back wheels, and a touring body, price £297, complete. The four-cylinder Chevrolet standard touring car at £160 represents extremely good value. The engine is rated at 21.7 h.p., and is fitted with overhead-valves. A special model of this car is also shown with all-weather side-curtains, and a special finish, price £175. The Chevrolet saloon shown indicates the comfort and protection which may be obtained for a very low price. Certain of the productions of General Motors, Ltd., are shown on Stand 138. Two examples of the new 20 h.p. six-cylinder Buick are shown. One example of the 27 h.p. six-cylinder Buick is exhibited with a seven-seater saloon body, price £750. All the Buicks shown are fitted with low-pressure tyres. The most imposing vehicle on this Stand is the 31.25 h.p. eight-cylinder Cadillac Imperial limousine.

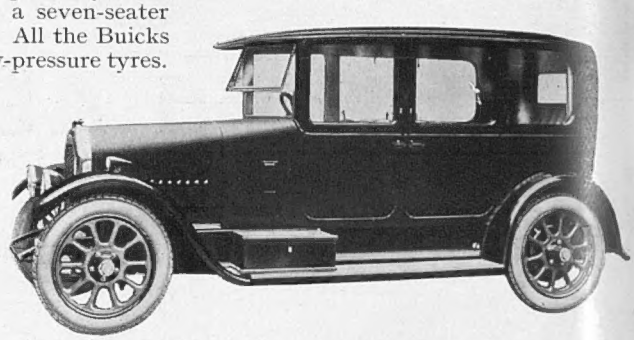
Humber, Stand 128

Two examples of each of the three Humber models are exhibited. The popular 8 h.p. model has been modified for 1925, and is now known as the 8-18 h.p. A two-three seater model is shown, price £240, and also an attractive three-seater saloon, price £290. The 12-25 h.p. Humber supersedes the original 11.4 h.p. The chassis has been modified throughout, a notable feature being that the brakes are now both of the expanding type. The 15-40 h.p. Humber is a development of the popular 15.9 h.p., and it can now be supplied if required with four-wheel brakes. The two 15-40 h.p. cars shown are a five-seater tourer at £630 and a saloon landaulette at £845, front wheel brakes being £30 extra.

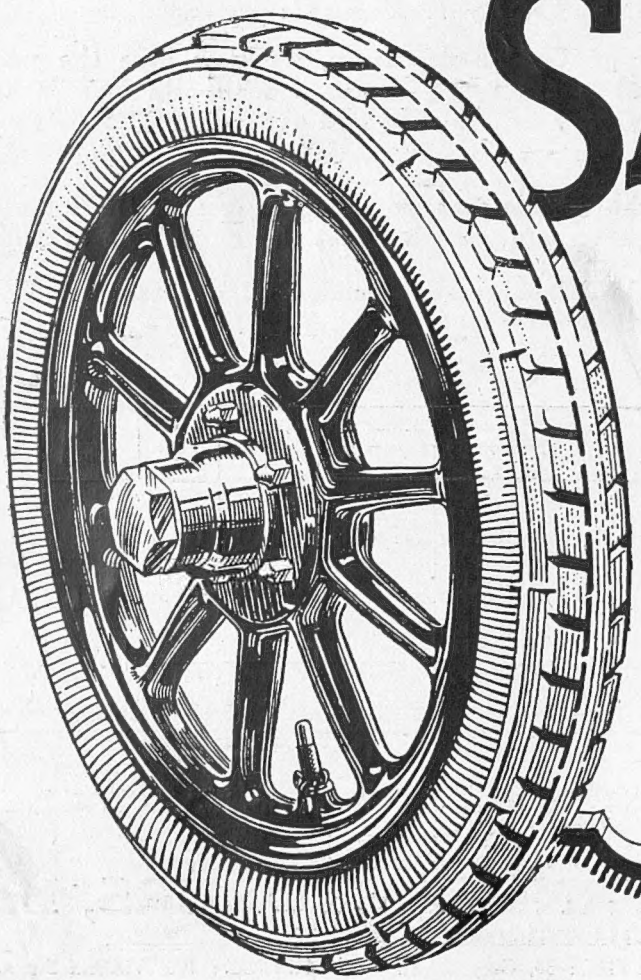
Shell

One of the most epoch-making performances in the motoring world during the past season is that of Captain Malcolm Campbell in obtaining a speed of nearly 150 miles

(Continued on page 300)



THE HUMBER 15/40 H.P. SALOON



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Light, yet strong beyond its need for strength.
Stamped from solid steel in two sections, then welded into one complete unit.

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489 Gallery
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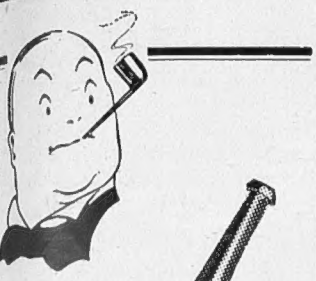

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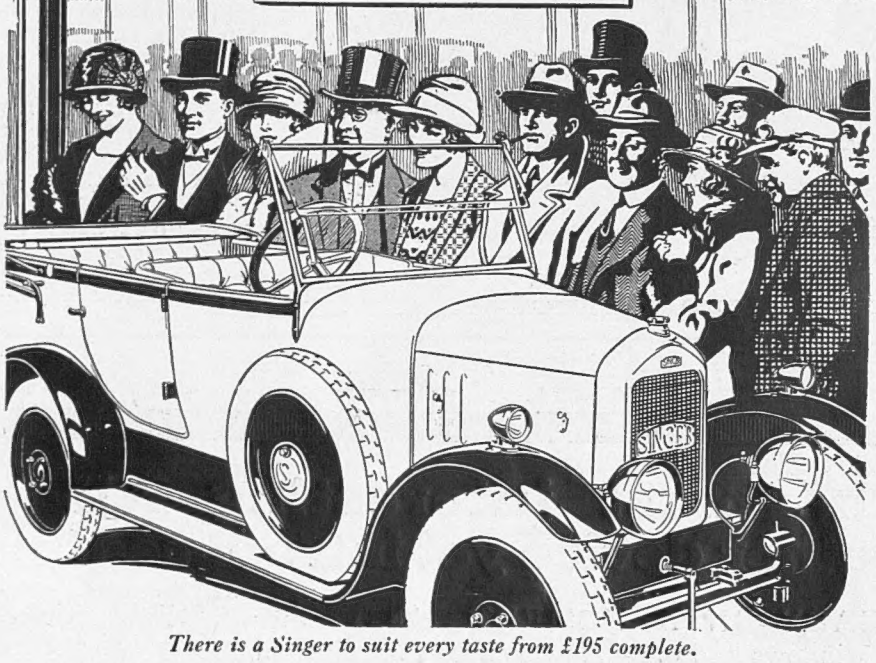
Select a SINGER and be satisfied

STAND 209



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STAND 426

Main Hall Gallery

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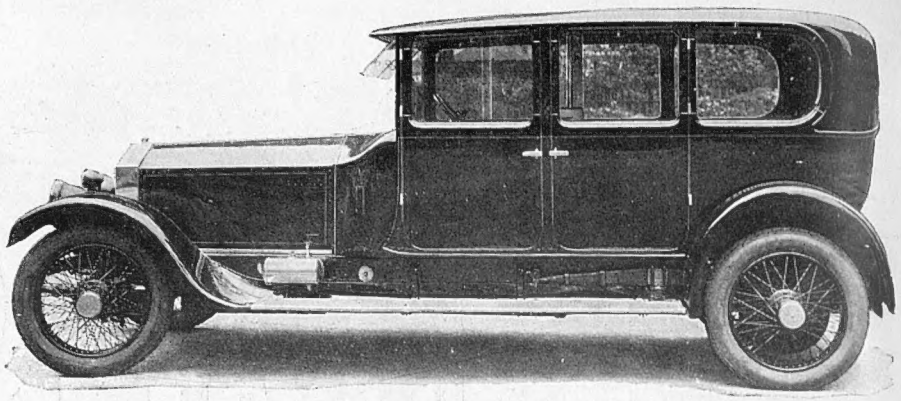
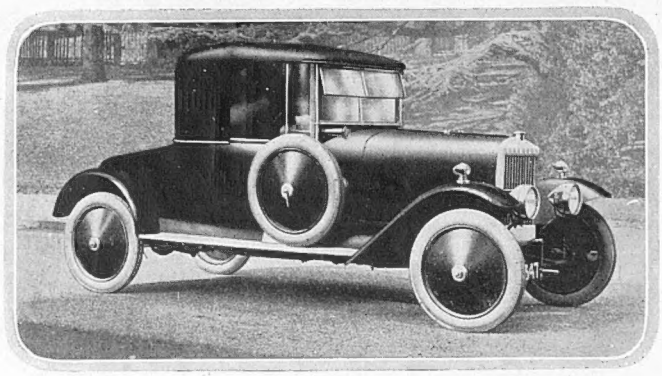
per hour on the 350 h.p. twelve-cylinder Sunbeam. The fuel and lubricating oil used naturally have a very great deal to do with the successful breaking of the world's record. The car ran throughout on Shell motor spirit, and was lubricated throughout with Shell motor lubricating oil.

Horstman, Stand 61

Very few modifications have been found necessary in the Horstman cars for 1925, the most important being that the chassis will be equipped with Lockheed hydraulic brakes on all four wheels. The standard four-seater model at £295 has a four-door body with adjustable front seats; balloon or standard tyres are optional. The De Luxe model two-seater at £320 has two doors, a dickey seat, which is three inches wider, and a body which is deeper, thereby doing away with valances. The windscreen has been brought nearer the passengers, and is of the four-panel type. The chassis on which the De Luxe four-seater saloon at £430 is mounted has a track of 4 ft. 8 in., and strengthened springs. Disc or wire wheels are optional with the standard tyres, but disc-wheels alone can be supplied with balloon tyres. The makers are Horstman Cars, Ltd., of Bath.



A CONNAUGHT "LONDON" ENCLOSED LIMOUSINE
On a Rolls-Royce 40/50 h.p. chassis



THE HORSTMAN
12/30 h.p. all-weather two-seater

Sankey, Stand 489

The exhibit of Joseph Sankey and Sons, Ltd., is of particular interest in view of the growing popularity of low-pressure tyres. Sankey all-steel wheels have, of course, been famous for many years, being fitted as standard to many of the leading makes. The introduction of Sankey wheels for low-pressure tyres may be relied upon to carry on the tradition of the standard Sankey wheels. Every type of Sankey wheel, both in the disc and spoked type, is represented. Particular attention should be devoted to a new style of wheel which is made from special stainless iron alloy instead of the more usual steel.

(*Continued on page* xii)

"The most interesting All-weather device yet introduced."

—*The Motor.*

READY-IN-A-MOMENT All-weather windows and one-man hood are the principal features of the entirely new and exclusive All-weather equipment embodied in the specification of the 12/25 h.p. and 15/40 h.p. Humber open cars.

Raised and Lowered without rising from Seat.

Let us interest you as we have interested the motoring experts. Call at Stand 128 and ask us to demonstrate.

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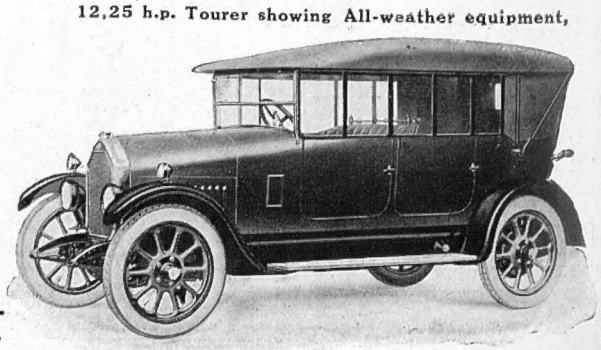
Humber

STAND 128 OLYMPIA Oct. 17–25.

EXHIBIT.

15.40 h.p. Saloon Landaulette - **£845**
15.40 h.p. Touring Model - **£630**
12.25 h.p. Saloon **£555**
12.25 h.p. Touring Model - **£440**
8.18 h.p. Saloon **£290**
8.18 h.p. Open Model - **£240**
Dunlop Tyres fitted to all Models.

12,25 h.p. Tourer showing All-weather equipment.